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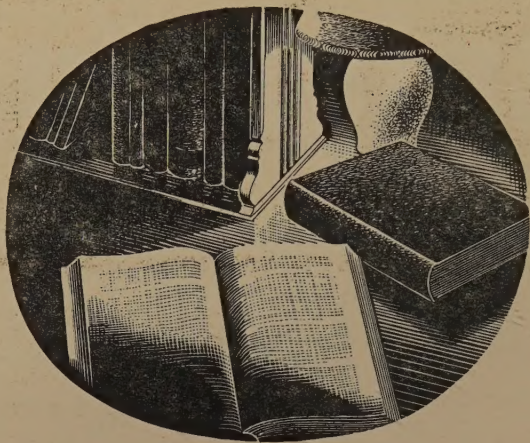
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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JANUARY, 1949

THE UNIVERSITY AND SOCIETY

BY WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

"PROGRESS" in education consists for the most part in a constant returning to first principles. The university teacher is no more immune than are his colleagues of the schools from the Scylla of the routinist and the Charybdis of the faddist unless he keep re-furbishing the ideas and re-burnishing the ideals he exists to serve ; and the fact that a particular wheel has recently come full circle provides a welcome opportunity to invite the man in the street to join in the discussion.

England is proud of her universities : Oxford and Cambridge go back to the twelfth century. Scotland is prouder still of hers : a smaller and infinitely poorer country, she boasted four universities for centuries before England achieved a third, and the proportion of her population to enjoy a university education is still double that of England's. Originally the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge were pious foundations for poor scholars. Their subsequent history is eloquent of the mutability of all things, but to-day it is at last becoming possible to say again that in England, as for long in Scotland, no lad of parts who is intellectually capable of making his way to and through the university need forgo the opportunity on financial grounds.

The universities, in a word, are once more at the service of intellect and the nation, not of the purse and privilege ; and the nation as a whole, and not merely that part of it which is ambitious to see its children achieve entry to the aristocracy of intellect, is concerned as never before, for it is footing the bill. The Government contribution to the income of the universities of Great Britain has been doubled in less than a decade, until now it is some two-thirds of the total. In addition local authorities are now empowered to make grants to undergraduates to cover both fees and maintenance, a commitment which over a degree course may represent £1,000 or more for one student. And this, needless to say, is not the Government's money : it is public money, voted by the representatives in Parliament of the common man, of millions of common men whose sons and daughters will never go to a university. Its acceptance by the universities constitutes in effect a new social contract. The nation undertakes to pay heavily for the universities in the belief that, far from being a luxury, the sheltered refuge of the few, they are vital to the nation's well-being and prosperity. What do the universities undertake in

return ? Here is the really vital question that confronts them in this post-war era.

Among the principles in which the British universities are rooted none is more sacrosanct to them than that of intellectual autonomy, the complete freedom from outside dictation in any form. But university autonomy is not to be secured merely by the readiness of its defenders to die in the last ditch. In the long run, even in education, he who pays the piper calls the tune, and the ultimate guarantee for the universities to-day can only lie in an informed opinion convinced that the public interest demands no less the intangibility of the principle. Henceforth the man in the street may fairly claim his right to an opinion in the matter. It follows that it will be prudence in the universities not to neglect the contingent obligation now weighing on them to take the public into their confidence, and to labour that their own conception of their function may at least be fully understood.

What does the man in the street understand by a university education ? University extension experience provides a salutary corrective to any feeling of superiority in the intellectual concerning the capacity of the ordinary man to interest himself, and to good purpose, in purely intellectual pursuits. Under the auspices of one British university ninety-seven extension courses are being held during the current session ; many of them are two- or three-year courses, and every one of the ninety-seven is essentially cultural in character. Yet there can be no doubt that the vast majority of parents, in sending their children to the university, think of this primarily in terms of a career. A's son serves an apprenticeship and becomes a skilled craftsman. B's goes to a technical college and becomes a technician. C's goes to the university and passes thence to a profession. They represent three different levels on the economico-social ladder. And C will be at pains to impress on his son the magnitude of his opportunity, an opportunity often achieved, even to-day, at the cost of much parental sacrifice, and the responsibility he has incurred thereby to turn it to maximum economic account with the minimum delay. One of the major impediments to the proper discharge by the university of its duty to its students lies in the fact that so many of these arrive at its portals with their minds already in blinkers. They have come to be trained for a job, and they already know what they want that job to be.

This is not wholly their fault. The first decision the student must take, even before he has been admitted to a university, is the choice of a faculty, and this of itself commits him, in the case of every faculty but arts, all but irrevocably. The student of law aims to become a lawyer, the student of engineering an engineer. To this extent the university may already, through the departmentalizing of modern

knowledge, be described as an association of vocational institutes, its scientific faculties in particular purveying to the undergraduate a training not essentially different from that given in a technical college. The university recognizes as much by allowing students of such affiliated colleges to graduate on the successful completion of their courses, that is, to take a degree, the hallmark of a university education, without having been near a university; and heads of departments in these colleges are now styled professors. It only remains to envisage the extension of this latter practice to tutorial and correspondence colleges preparing for external degrees to realize that the very conception of a university is in question. That the undergraduate should be required to spend a first year free of commitment, concerned only to discover and explore for himself the many avenues open to him, the infinite variety of the intellectual horizon, is doubtless to ask the impossible. It would be an exciting experience. Yet some method the university must discover of bringing it home to him that the proper objective of all university study is to learn, not how to earn a living, but how to live.

The lesson may be pointed even on the level of self-interest. Since the war the university graduate has been able to dispose of his services in a seller's market; and while present conditions continue the undergraduate is under strong temptation to limit his immediate ambition to the securing of the coveted degree. He rarely realizes the extent to which, examinations apart, he is under scrutiny during his years at the university, or the part that the results of that scrutiny may play in his subsequent career. With the return of competitive conditions his degree diploma will still be the evidence of his intellectual achievement, but only rarely will this prove in itself a passport to a responsible post. Specialized knowledge will be common to all applicants for such a post: it is qualities of mind and character that will distinguish between them. The university cannot confer such qualities; it does what it can to create the conditions under which they may develop, and it is for the student to turn them to account.

The State for its part demands of the university a continuous supply of doctors, scientists, engineers and specialists of many kinds adequate to the nation's needs. This, rather than the furthering of social justice and equality of opportunity, underlay initially its new readiness to subsidize on the grand scale. The now famous recommendation of the Barlow Report that the total number of university students in the country should be doubled sprang from the realization during the late war that we were dangerously under-provided with specialists in various technical fields essential to the nation's defence. Cultural studies were not in question. Arts faculties were notoriously the first academic casualties of the war, and it was less the utility of the arts graduate to the commonwealth than the need for balanced

studies in a balanced society that suggested the desirability, if the output of science graduates was to be doubled, of doubling too the number of arts students. More recently the Scarborough Report on the need for a great expansion of Slavonic, Oriental and African studies in our universities has stressed the importance too, even for national defence, of the more humane disciplines, while the crying need for teachers and still more teachers continues to focus attention on this Cinderella among the faculties, that once was the very kernel of the university idea.

The net result, however, is less to strengthen the faculty of arts vis-à-vis the others than, by tending to identify it too with vocational training, to deal one more blow at the true conception of what a university is and stands for. To exalt the humanities to-day on the ground of their "uselessness", of the intellectual purity of their aims, is to deal in anachronisms; there always was an element of the specious in the contention that study was rewarding in proportion as it could not be turned to practical advantage. To argue, for example, that a classical education will mean more to one training to be an engineer than to the student hoping to become one day a professor of classics himself is to maintain a proposition incapable of proof but inherently improbable. We do not say to the second of these, the would-be classical scholar: "If what you really want is to be educated, you would do better to go away and study engineering." The cleavage between useless and useful subjects is unsound. The true cleavage lies between those disciplines which have to do with man and the things of the mind—history, literature, philosophy, even economics and medicine—and such as are concerned, like the sciences, pure and applied, with the analysis and mastery of inanimate nature. These too have their value as mental training, they bring knowledge and they confer power. The former aim rather at wisdom, and their claim to be able to confer it rests on the fundamental consideration that they possess an ethical content. As for those strange newcomers, the applied techniques of modern industry, their presence is presumably to be attributed in part to the belief current among the profane that the university is the proper home of all advanced study, in part to the over-readiness of universities to accept interested endowments. They are a standing embarrassment to the attempt to define and justify the function of the university, as it should be capable of definition and justification, in non-utilitarian terms.

To bridge the intellectual gap between the humanities and the sciences it may be suggested that the value of any subject of study resides only partly in the subject itself, and to an appreciable extent in the manner in which it is taught. Assuming that the university teacher is concerned not merely with the imparting of knowledge but also with the intellectual development of the student, with the

stimulation of his powers of critical analysis, of self-expression, of aesthetic appreciation, of independent judgment and intellectual integrity, then he will make his subject, whatever it be, subserve these purposes through the skilful choice of material and approach. And in the result it will perhaps be seen to have mattered little that the student should go through life without ever having occasion to use professionally the concrete knowledge he may also have acquired. Matter for disappointment there might be in this, not for dismay nor for any regrets over years mis-spent. What the true university teacher wishes for his student is such a cast of mind, such a critical approach to life's problems, as shall affect all his subsequent thinking in whatever sphere. It is on just this ground that the peculiar prestige of a classical education rests, backed by the proven ability of its products to achieve success in the most diverse walks of life.

But methods of teaching are not the prerogative of the university and do not suffice in themselves to define a university education. The dividing line from the technical institute must be sought elsewhere. The medieval *universitas* denoted a society of any kind whose members were united by common objectives. In its particular sense of the *studium generale* it meant a community of teachers and taught devoted to the pursuit of knowledge and understanding. It is in this idea of a compact society imbued with a common purpose that the essence of the university resides. A combination of scattered technical institutes, of the type so common in certain countries of the New World, does not constitute a university ; but neither does the housing together of various faculties between which there is no intellectual commerce. In the world of knowledge there are many mansions, and only he is truly educated whose intellectual horizon can embrace at least an intelligent curiosity about those which are not his own. Something can be achieved in this sense by curriculum requirements. It is gain to an arts man to be compelled, as for the Scottish pass degree, to include in his course a science ; it would be still greater gain for the science man to have to include in his a subject from arts. But this still does not make the *universitas*. The prestige of the residential university does not rest on the quality of its teaching nor on its academic requirements : its students' chief gains come from outside the lecture-room, from the fact and the experience of membership of a society in little devoted to the study of life in all its infinite variety under conditions which, by breaking down the artificial barriers of departmentalized knowledge, encourage the individual to see life whole.

This much for the pursuit of knowledge in itself. "A life without inquiry," said Socrates, "is not worth living" ; and the spirit of inquiry is worth any amount of specific knowledge to the university entrant. Lacking it, he has no right to be in the university at all.

But the reader of Plato will recall too the Socratic paradox that "virtue is knowledge" : man, that is to say, would always act rightly if only he knew where the right lay. It is one attraction of the pursuit of knowledge that it leads inevitably into the realm of values, that ethics will keep breaking in. And it is here that society's challenge to the university becomes most searching. For the university's concern is not merely to teach existing knowledge : it must also seek untiringly to extend the frontiers of knowledge. That university is the best university, even for teaching purposes, where the spirit of research is most active ; and the university teacher will measure his success as such chiefly by his ability to pass on his own restless intellectual curiosity. Should he fail in this, he condemns his own profession to sterility, for the university must train its own future teachers as well as supply the other professions.

To the question what knowledge, what branches of knowledge, the university should seek to advance, the answer can only be, all knowledge. The goal is truth, and we pursue knowledge because it points the way to truth, not because it is useful in itself. We speak of knowledge of good and evil, but knowledge itself is neither good nor evil, it is neutral. And yet it is only too evident that the pursuit of knowledge can raise the gravest moral issues. In the sixteenth century the pursuit of religious truth destroyed the unity of Christendom and led to the monstrosity of civil wars fought in the name of the God of peace. In the twentieth century the pursuit of scientific knowledge has placed in men's hands a weapon capable of obliterating civilization itself. Is it right or wrong to pursue knowledge to such a point and at such a price ? Unequivocally, right. The knowledge that our knowledge is capable of running away with us, to our destruction, is clearly itself knowledge. It is in fact the most important knowledge of our generation.

As with the wars of religion, only the passing of time will show whether the release of atomic energy, like the earlier release of religious energy, can be turned to new and peaceful conquests for mankind. But the future answer to that question will depend largely on how we grapple with the question now. And just as it was in the universities that the secrets of atomic energy were discovered, so it is the peculiar responsibility of the universities to do the grappling. The university cannot say : "Our concern is merely with intellectual progress ; the problem has nothing to do with us." Neither, for many and obvious reasons, can it say : "In future we shall pursue knowledge only so far as man's moral development entitles him to be entrusted with it." Inasmuch as the university teaches subjects such as philosophy and theology it is already concerned with morality but clearly its duty to society cannot end there. The university also teaches logic, but society has a right to expect of every university:

trained man, and not merely of such as have studied formal logic that he shall be a clear and logical thinker. And it may fairly be contended in this post-war world, with the shattering experiences of the past decade behind us, that the university must be prepared to accept as a new and over-riding duty to society the task of informing all its teaching, in every field, with a sense of moral values.

For the social values of the present and the future are essentially moral values. Of what avail is it to society to supply it with all the scientists, all the technical experts it can desire if in a world torn by aggression and fear their activities are turned chiefly to destruction ? Many thinkers to-day find themselves unable to place much hope in the possibility of a religious re-conversion of mankind. In a moral re-conversion, in the possibility of a quickening in society of the sense of good and evil, of right and wrong, even though it be only on the lowest level of self-preservation, in this, perhaps the world's last chance, they do and must believe. And the university is the necessary centre and focus of an enterprise so urgent. In our lecture-rooms and laboratories we have the youth of greatest intellectual promise, at the most receptive age, an age when they can be set a-flame not merely with enthusiasm for learning but with the fire of high ideals ; and if we let them go forth from the university untouched by idealism, unable or uninterested to distinguish between the noble and the base or—what is perhaps more difficult—between the noble and the less noble, then the university has failed in the quintessential of its duty to this new world that all men of good will are trying to raise out of the ruins, and no mere intellectual distinction can mitigate the failure.

(Professor Atkinson is at Glasgow University)

IS GERMANY BEING DEMOCRATIZED ?

BY WERNER LEVI

AT the Crimea Conference the Allies agreed that Naziism but not Germany was to be destroyed. A "decent life" for the Germans was planned. At Potsdam, in 1945, the Allies agreed more specifically "that the German people be given the opportunity to prepare for the eventual reconstruction of their life on a democratic and peaceful basis." To this end, four major steps were decided upon in the political field which now serve as guides to the western occupation authorities. Germany* is to be disarmed and de-militarized. The German people are to be made aware that they have lost the war and that they have to bear responsibility for their own fate. Germany is to be completely de-Nazified. Finally, the Germans are to be prepared for the rebuilding of their political life on a democratic basis. The first three steps are essentially prerequisites for the success of the fourth. They are also those to which an occupation government can make its most useful contribution. The fourth step is the most difficult because democracy is more a matter of the mind than of enforceable techniques—which raises the question of whether a people can be democratized through outside influence.

Democratic techniques can be introduced. The people can be made to go through the motions of the democratic process. Such a procedure would be inadequate to achieve the humanitarian ends for which democracy is the means. Nevertheless, it should not be written off as useless. Habit can condition the mind just as the mind very largely conditions habit. Once a people accepts and practises the mechanics of democracy, some of democracy's substance may be accepted with the mechanics. For example, orderly procedure in debate may eventually create respect for the opponent's opinion ; or the necessity to choose between alternatives instead of being able to follow orders is progress toward a democratic mentality. Uncertain as the result of such a procedure might be, not undertaking it altogether would ensure that an undemocratic people remains so for a longer period if not for ever.

The formation of a democratic spirit from without is a more difficult enterprise. Yet the possibility of some success here too can

*The Russian zone is not considered in this article, since no democratization is going on there.

be admitted. Specific political beliefs are acquired rather than inherent and do not result from given factors of environment alone. The process of subjection to influence by suggestion will therefore be a slow one and only indirect means can be used. But the presentation of democratic doctrine is bound to leave some traces in people's thinking, especially when moral values are shattered. This may create the wedge through which a fuller democratic spirit may enter.

In this connection the breaking down of mental barriers is of great importance and difficulty. Unlike techniques, ideas cannot be forced upon a people against ideological and psychological resistance. There are many factors in the German situation which make a democratization doubtful at this time. The fact that it is undertaken by victorious nations under the aegis of their armies is a reason for many nationalistic Germans to decline it *a priori*, regardless of the merits of the attempt. The fact that the Russians are, in essence, re-establishing a police-State system under the name of democracy is, to say the least, confusing to the Germans. The fact, finally, that military governments are the ultimate guardians of conformity with the spirit and process of democracy is in itself contrary to democratic concepts. However, these factors must be accepted as inevitable and they alone could not prevent a successful democracy.

The easiest of the four steps to realize is disarmament and de-militarization. It has the sympathy of some Germans, especially those few who are actively engaged in rebuilding a progressive nation free from the curse of militarism. When industries and activities are forbidden which are evidently direct aids to war no difficulties are encountered. Problems arise in relation to innumerable borderline cases. Many Germans feel that frequently the destruction of industries is a matter of eliminating competition rather than war potential. The argument is endless, due to the impossibility in the age of total warfare to determine what a contribution to war is. The Germans are therefore accusing the Allies of using an expandable terminology merely to make possible the destruction of the German economy, and they are now resentful whenever any industry is destroyed.

The German army is disbanded. The western powers accuse Russia of using former German officers now converted to Communism. And the recently announced plan to train four hundred thousand German policemen was received with suspicion as the nucleus of a red *Wehrmacht*. The Russians on their part claim that Great Britain and the United States are training German officers. This was immediately denied. In any case, the formal dissolution of the German Army need not imply an eradication of militaristic spirit. At present, militarism is of little interest to most Germans. But some revival is noticeable among the students and there are many

Germans who would happily join a western army against Russia.

The realization of the second step in the political democratization of Germany is more difficult. Germans are undoubtedly aware that they have lost the war—which does not include awareness of having started it. There is a great reluctance to accept any responsibility for the condition in which Germany finds itself to-day. The Germans do not recognize the concept of collective guilt and no German can be found who would admit that he was voluntarily a Nazi or participated actively in Nazi policies. They conclude, therefore, that it would be unjust to make them suffer *en masse* for the vices of a régime over which they had no control. In fact, most Germans indulge in self-pity. They are trying to convince every foreign visitor and they tell each other that the whole world ought to have sympathy for their sufferings. There is hardly ever a hint in these appeals that the German people contributed to their own misery. On the contrary, many Germans point out plaintively that the last war was the second or third occasion within one generation on which the whole world was conspiring against Germany. When this argument is countered by a reference to events under Hitler and their international consequences, Germans usually engage in the comforting activity of rationalization and scapegoating.

The aggressive foreign policy of the Third Reich is explained as a reaction to foreign provocations and a result of the blunders of Versailles. Besides, most Germans find a posthumous justification for their war against Russia in the present east-west relations. They often point out, with a lot of *Schadenfreude*, that the west could have had the future war (which they feel is inevitable) settled by the Germans more cheaply and six years ago.

Much more interesting is the German attitude toward past internal events. Almost every German will admit that the existence of concentration camps was known. But he denies knowledge of the extreme crimes perpetrated there, such as the gassing or "medical" experiments. Those rare Germans who admit a deep sense of shame at these happenings explain plausibly that the terror régime prevented most Germans from being properly informed about conditions in the concentration camps. They state, furthermore, that every German was preoccupied with his own daily problems and the less he knew about Nazi activities the safer he was. Thus, most Germans were anxious to believe that things were not half as bad as they were sometimes rumoured to be. Every little event which would confirm this wishful thinking, such as the occasional return of camp inmates to the community, was seized upon and interpreted in the most favourable sense. These few Germans recognize that if there is collective guilt it lies in the unwillingness of the mass to face the facts and wanting to know the true conditions in the camps.

Most Germans to-day are, unfortunately, unprepared to admit even as much as this. Instead, their first defence is that all the cruelties were committed by Hitler and his henchmen, for whom they have no responsibility. When this argument becomes untenable, they turn to a favourite activity of balancing their own evil deeds against those committed by other powers. They will admit some faults of their own. But immediately thereafter they will point to the rape of Berlin during the first days of Russian occupation ; they will refer to cruelties committed by Americans against German prisoners ; they will cite Russian slave labour camps and American lynchings. They will refuse to grant that with the western powers at least these examples are not to be compared ; that what happened in Germany is a difference in principle, not merely degree. Instead, they conclude that it can happen anywhere, that owing to peculiar circumstances it happened in Germany first.

This explaining away is understandable as typical of human nature. It might not be too tragic but for the evidences that the mentality and the pattern of culture which made Hitler possible are still, or again, prevalent in Germany. General Clay recently warned of the rise of Nazi-minded groups in German life. Anti-Semitism is very strong. In many cities swastikas are painted on house walls and pavements. Jewish cemeteries are damaged. Anti-Jewish slogans can be seen in print. The few, mostly Polish, Jews left free in Germany cannot find employment from Germans. Jews are blamed as the sole manipulators of the black market. The seven million German refugees from the Russian zone are disliked, pushed around, and treated in a most unfriendly manner by their western fellow-citizens. Among most Germans life is on the basis of the survival of the fittest. Selfishness, corruption, resistance to carrying the common burden are all too evident everywhere. Naturally there are Germans who do not fall into this pattern, who are greatly concerned about the absence of a Christian spirit in daily life. But they appear to be in such a minority that little salutary influence can be expected from them. Most Germans do not show much inclination to accept responsibility for their own fate or their community. They fail to understand, let alone to live by the human values which are the essence of democracy.

De-Nazification, the third major step in Allied policy has, by almost unanimous agreement been a great failure. It is a matter of common knowledge in Germany that a large, controlling section in the German bureaucracy—which is all-powerful in Germany's regulated life—is composed of former Nazis. Presumably there is no organized Nazi activity. There are, however, clear indications of discriminatory policy against Jews and former anti-Nazis and of preferential treatment for former Nazi party members. This is true

of economic life as well, where many Nazis have regained important positions, mostly on the grounds of irreplaceability.

This situation is, in part, due to the very early handing over of de-Nazification to the Germans themselves. The programme was based on the over-optimistic belief that the Germans wanted democracy, and on the concept of collective guilt which the Germans did not recognize. Personal relations, social pressure, fear of reprisals, sometimes nationalism, induced the German judges to great leniency in many cases. The characteristic story is told of the judge who said to the accused : " I know you were a stormtrooper, I was your colonel ! "

Another reason for failure in de-Nazification lies in the extreme difficulty of weeding out Nazis from non-Nazis after Germany had gone through fifteen years of totalitarianism. Any criterion that was used led to injustices. Party membership, for instance, would include many individuals who were not Nazis at heart but not heroic enough to resist. On the other hand, many an ardent Nazi did not have to join the party. Positions in the higher ranks of the civil service were assumed to mean adherence to Nazi doctrines although this was not proved to be true. The result is that oftentimes the wrong people were punished or remained free. This situation was worsened by a basic change in American policy. The original intention had been to deal with the " little Nazis " in quick fashion and thereafter to devote attention to the " big Nazis " in great detail. First of all, this timing missed the best psychological moment to punish the leading Nazis immediately after defeat when large masses of the German people were in wholehearted support of such a process. Secondly, the task became so overwhelming that after some time the American government announced a speeding up and a considerable relaxation in de-Nazification, in addition to some amnesties, which led to very unjust results. Some " little Nazis " were punished while others went free or got by with small fines. Many " big Nazis " never were cited before the courts or could buy their de-Nazification with amounts which stood in no proportion to the amounts they had amassed as Nazis. De-Nazification was an assignment to the occupation authorities which could not possibly be completed in an entirely just or otherwise satisfactory manner. There was no lack of good intention on the part of the authorities, but the result of their inadequacy is considerable confusion among the Germans as to who is a Nazi and who is not. There is disrespect for the law because of its unjust consequences. There is resistance to the de-Nazification procedure not only by those who are actual or potential victims of its inadequacy but by those who are disturbed by its injustices. All these groups are driven into a solidarity which can be felt as a handicap to democratization and their arguments are

frequently used by Germans to excuse its slow development.

The building of a German democracy, the fourth major step, must necessarily be mostly in the hands of the Germans. The military governments restrict their rôle in principle to suggestions, indirect guidance, support of policies initiated by the Germans, and only rarely interfere with direct orders. However, the basic outline of the democratization policy was designed by the military governments and freedom of action is granted to the Germans only within these limits. The major aspects of the policy are two : the construction of a framework within which democracy can function and the establishment of a progressive system of education in the widest sense.

Germans were granted permission at an early time to build up self-government step by step, beginning with local government and ending to-day with the *Laender* (states). Parallel with this development, parties were permitted to function, eventually on a German-wide basis. The civil service was reconstructed on a much more democratic foundation than was ever known before in Germany. The population participated in this reconstruction by frequent elections.

To-day Germany has self-government, with some vital exceptions. One is the right of military governments to initiate fundamental policies, such as the currency reform. In cases where unpopular but needed policies are inaugurated, this possibility is desirable for the sake of protecting the young, democratically elected governments from too much criticism, although the dangers of such paternalism for democratization should not be overlooked. A criticism of the German administrative officials is that often their powers are insufficient to put such policies into practice or that they disagree with them and have no enthusiasm for putting them into practice. Another exception to self-government are the controls and jurisdictions which the military governments reserved for themselves. When these refer to such important fields as credit management, international trade, exchange control, or travel abroad many Germans complain that without autonomy in such vital areas of national life democracy and self-government can only be shadows of reality. A third exception is the requirement that the personalities of officials—elected or appointed—and their actions must conform to the objectives of occupation policy and basic democratic principles. This has led to the use of vetoes to prevent elected persons from taking office, or policies, decided upon by majorities, from being realized. This interference before the consummation of a democratic process is confusing to the Germans and has increased an apathy which is prevalent in political life anyway.

For in spite of the high percentage of voters taking part in elections few Germans participate in the daily process of politics. They

fulfil their voting duties as good, obedient citizens and their political activity ends there. Even within the parties there is as much pre-occupation with questions of organization and personalities as there is with fundamental policy. The parties suffer from dogmatism which makes co-operation and compromise very difficult. With the exception of a few outstanding party men there is, generally speaking, a regrettable absence of leadership with enthusiasm, insight, or imagination. Without these, democracy remains insipid. Policy is normally decided by the top men in the party and neither the younger potential leaders nor the membership have much influence. The social democratic party may be the exception to the rule.

This apathy in political life can be explained on several grounds. The veto of military governments makes debate and political activity appear futile. Secondly, daily problems of material welfare are so pressing that politics is considered a luxury. Thirdly, most Germans are extremely reluctant to commit themselves. The one time when they committed themselves thoroughly—to Hitler—it proved to be the wrong thing to do. They are uncertain about the future of Germany and they keep their opinions to themselves. A few Germans in the western zone have joined the communist party without being communists. They are reasoning that they can do so unpunished by a western democratic regime and should the Russians take over some day they can claim party membership of long standing. Many Germans express privately the opinion that they would have no objection if the military governments continued to determine German politics for some time to come. This would relieve them of responsibility and free them for complete devotion to economic reconstruction.

The efforts of the military governments in the field of education are considerable, although financial means are sometimes scarce. The technical conditions for a democratic education are now provided and in some details greatly resisted by the Germans. Schools, and, in some *Laender*, universities are tuition-free. For adult education the occupation governments provide libraries, arrange discussion forums, and are planning more ambitious projects such as the creation of schools of government and citizenship, student and teacher exchanges, and tours abroad for journalists and educators. Few attempts are made to influence the subject matter taught, at least on the higher levels of education. No influence can be exercised over the spirit of the teachers. All efforts exhausted themselves in a fairly thorough de-Nazification. The teaching at the universities is neutral rather than permeated by a democratic spirit—with the usual exceptions. The faculties are often over-aged, under-staffed, and have difficulty in adjusting themselves to new conditions. Much to the annoyance of many students, professors still consider them-

selves scientists rather than educators. They are theoretical, abstract, *Weltfremd* and avoid moral judgments. They fail to give their students new moral values and the new *Weltanschauung* which many crave. This leaves the generation of the twenty to thirty-five year olds to rely on their own resources, which are thin. They are the lost generation because neither the German community nor military governments pay much attention to them. The theory is that this generation grew up under Hitler and is lost to democracy. And yet, these young people most propagandized by Hitler are often the most disillusioned.

The older generations can fall back on the moral values which they held before the Nazis seized power. The younger Germans are in a spiritual vacuum and willing to accept new values. They are cynical and unbelieving, confused and resentful, but they can be won for democracy if they are approached with patience and understanding. The British scheme of inviting these youths for harvest help and permitting them to stay for some period in England is a step in the right direction. Instead of being preached to, they see democracy as a living thing. The Germans are utterly tired of propaganda by which they mean almost everything anybody tells them. Words have little meaning for them after Hitler, the Russians, the Americans, or the British each claim to represent true democracy, true freedom, and the true way for the pursuit of happiness.

This picture is not a happy one. But is it to be expected that a people with a nationalistic, authoritarian tradition could show signs of radical change three years after a lost war ? Democracy is a form of government and a way of life of the highest moral aspirations. Conditions in Germany to-day lend themselves rather to a complete demoralization. With the improvement of living conditions the German soil may become more fertile for democracy. In spite of mistakes, the military governments have done a creditable job within their inherent limits. They would probably have improved it in the course of time were it not for the tense American-Russian relations which overshadow everything. These are causing the occupation authorities to make German democratization subservient to the task of winning the sympathy of the German people at almost any price. The Germans are aware of the game and take advantage of it. If this should lead eventually to a cessation of democratization, Hitler would indeed have won the war.

(The author has just returned to his work in the University of Minnesota after a three-months' lecture tour in Germany, during which he was able to mix with the German population and make contacts with German officials.)

CANADA'S LIBERALS

BY W. E. GREENING

THE retirement of William Lyon Mackenzie King from the Prime Ministership of Canada and from the leadership of the Liberal Party marks the end of an era in Canadian politics. He has guided the destinies of his party and of his country—with only one break—for a period of over twenty-seven years; a tenure of office unsurpassed in length among the legislatures of the British Commonwealth. His political career has covered some of the most critical years in modern history: the boom of the nineteen-twenties, the world depression of the nineteen-thirties, and the 1939-1945 war. One of the least colourful and most retiring and secretive of modern national political leaders, he has shown wizard-like skill in the task most necessary for a Canadian statesman—that of reconciling and harmonizing very diverse and widely conflicting attitudes and interests. He has been one of the great compromisers and mediators of modern politics. It was his ability at this time of delicate manœuvring that prevented a grave and irreparable split between the two great racial groups—French and English—over the question of Canadian participation in the late war. For the preservation of national unity at a critical time, Canadians owe him an eternal debt of gratitude. Under his cautious but sure guidance Canada has made long strides towards complete nationhood and has vastly grown in diplomatic, economic and industrial stature. Mr. King has become such a familiar landmark in Canadian politics that political life in the Dominion seems unimaginable without him.

The question of his successor as leader of the Liberal Party and as Prime Minister of Canada had been a topic of burning interest and discussion in Canadian political circles for the past year. The Liberals held their first national convention since the year 1919, in the capital city of Ottawa, for the purpose of choosing their new leader. Compared with the recent national political conventions in the United States, this was a tame, sober and colourless affair. There were no brass bands and parades, and little organized political showmanship. The affair was robbed of much interest and suspense by the fact that there were only two really serious candidates for the Liberal succession: James Garfield Gardiner, the Minister of Agriculture, and Louis St. Laurent, the Minister of External Affairs in the Federal Cabinet.

The two men presented a great contrast. Gardiner is one of the shrewdest and most aggressive, practical politicians in the Dominion. He hails from the western prairie province of Saskatchewan, where he has been a prominent political figure for many years. He was generally credited with holding Saskatchewan and the Canadian West generally in line behind Mr. King and the Liberal Administration, but during recent years he has been losing ground there because of the progress of new and radical political movements, and because of the dissatisfaction of the prairie farmers with the terms of the agreements between the governments of Canada and the United Kingdom for the sale of Canadian farm products in the British market.

Louis St. Laurent, a French Canadian from the Province of Quebec, is a horse of a very different colour. A figure of much intellectual distinction and one of the leading corporation lawyers in Canada, he has represented his country with great ability at various international conferences and at the meetings of the United Nations Organization. But he is a man utterly lacking in personal magnetism or popular appeal, and also in political experience. One has the feeling that he regards politics as a rather sordid and undignified game. His candidacy is known to have been strongly favoured by Mr. King, who wanted a French Canadian from the province of Quebec to succeed him in the post of national political leader. Mr. King's power over the national Liberal Party organization proved to be strong enough at the convention to ensure the choice of St. Laurent as his successor. This choice was greeted by the majority of Canadians with approval—since Mr. St. Laurent is universally respected—but without any overwhelming enthusiasm.

Louis St. Laurent comes to the leadership of the Liberal Party at a difficult time in its history. It has governed Canada continuously ever since the year 1935 and was re-elected to office in the last Federal contest of the summer of 1945 by a fairly large majority. But ever since that date it has been running into increasingly heavy political water. Judging by the federal and provincial election results, the hold of the Liberal Administration over the rank and file of the Canadian electorate seems to be decreasing rapidly. Now the Liberals have a very thin majority—they hold only 124 of the 245 seats in the Canadian House of Commons at Ottawa.

One of the principal reasons for this slump in popularity has been the method of handling, by the King Administration, of the Canadian dollar problem. Like most of the other countries of the modern world, Canada, at the present time, is suffering from an acute scarcity of American dollars. She is vitally dependent upon a large volume of foreign trade for her prosperity and the bulk of this trade is usually directed towards the United Kingdom and western Europe. Although

in the period since VE Day, this trade has reached record proportions, these countries have been unable to pay for most of their Canadian purchases in dollars and Canadian overseas export trade has only been kept going by a programme of extensive loans and export credits on the part of the Canadian Government. During the same period, for a variety of reasons, Canadian purchases in the United States were also reaching record heights. Canadian-American trade became steadily more out of balance, and by the middle of 1947 Canada was buying from the United States about twice as much as she was selling to her southern neighbour. The result was that the Canadian supply of American dollars underwent an alarming and rapid shrinkage. By November 1947 the situation had become so serious that the King Administration was compelled to put into operation a drastic and far reaching system of import control. Canadian buying of numerous American luxury articles was completely prohibited or placed on a quota basis. Canadian travel spending in the United States was restricted to \$150 per person a year. Canadian purchases of industrial machinery and equipment in the United States were placed under a wartime type of licensing system and the Canadian Government embarked on a large scale programme to make the country more industrially self-sufficient and less dependent upon large scale imports from the United States.

These regulations which have affected every phase of Canadian daily life were announced by the Minister of Finance, Douglas Abbott, in the course of a radio broadcast, without any previous advance warning or any discussion by Parliament. This summary method of legislation aroused a storm of criticism among political groups in all parts of Canada. Even in the ranks of Mr. King's followers in the Liberal Party there was considerable questioning whether these methods were really justified or necessary. Canadian business men as a group are no more sympathetic than their brothers in the United States towards what they regard as bureaucratic regimentation. They were looking forward to complete abolition of wartime economic controls, rather than to their revival in an even more confining and objectionable form. The Progressive Conservative Party, which is closely tied up with Canadian big business, almost immediately set up the cry that the dollar saving programme represents an attack upon the sacred principles of private enterprise and individual freedom. On the other side, the left wing Co-operative Commonwealth Federation assailed the Liberal Party because it failed to combine with this dollar saving programme a restoration of the wartime price control machinery. The cost of living has been rising so rapidly in Canada during the past years that it is becoming an important political issue, as in the United States.

The dollar saving programme thus has failed to satisfy anyone, and

the Liberal unpopularity with Canadian business groups was further increased by the budget of 1948, which failed to bring any relief from high wartime levels of taxation.

From the right, however, the threat of the Progressive Conservative Party to the Liberal Administration is not so very serious. This party has also suffered a decline in popular support during the past decades and its following in the western prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta has almost reached the vanishing point. It has become, to an ever-increasing degree, the party of the industrialists and financiers of the eastern Canadian cities of Toronto and Montreal, where Canadian industry and finance are centres. It has had great trouble with its leadership since the retirement of the late Viscount Bennett in 1937. In 1942, John Bracken, a former premier of the province of Manitoba, was placed at the head of the party with the aim of giving it a new lease of life. He has failed conspicuously in the task of giving strong and effective opposition to the Liberal régime in the House of Commons. His attacks on the dollar saving programme in the last session of Parliament were greatly weakened by the fact that he was unable to bring forward any satisfactory alternative policy to meet the crisis. It is fairly obvious that the retirement of Mr. Bracken from the leadership of the Progressive Conservative Party, ostensibly for reasons of ill health, was due to the dissatisfaction of the party officials with the poor showing that he had made as a leader.

On the other hand, the danger from the left to the Liberal Party has been steadily growing. Here, the principal organization in the field is the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation—a Canadian counterpart of the British Labour Party—whose platform includes a wide variety of social services and the nationalization of the key industries of the Dominion. Its appeal has been to the radically-minded and progressive farmers of the prairie provinces, and to the industrial workers of eastern Canada. It has 32 members in the House, having just won two seats by elections in the provinces of Ontario and British Columbia. It also has control of the western provincial legislature in Saskatchewan, where it has been putting on the statute books some of the most advanced social security and labour legislation on the whole of the North American Continent. In the past, the C.C.F. has not had much strength in eastern Canada but in the provincial elections in the province of Ontario it made some striking gains, particularly in the industrial ridings, and has emerged as the opposition party in the provincial legislature. The Ontario Premier, George Drew, was beaten by a C.C.F. candidate in his own home riding in the city of Toronto. This result was largely due to the powerful support given to the C.C.F. in the elections by the Ontario labour unions affiliated with the Canadian Congress of Labour—one of the two great

national Canadian labour federations. Canadian labour unions in general are becoming much more politically-minded. Members and officials of such important unions as the Canadian sections of the United Steel Workers and the United Automobile Workers believe that Canadian labour should follow the British example and tie up its fortunes with those of a national left wing party of the C.C.F. type, rather than the American practice of political non-intervention and neutrality. It is noteworthy that two members of the United Steel Workers directorate in Canada were elected as C.C.F. candidates in ridings in the City of Toronto.

This swing towards the left in English speaking Canada has been seriously worrying some of the officials of the national Liberal organization. There is a section within the party who think that the party programme must be radicalized if it is to hold the support of organized labour and similar groups, and effectively counteract the progress of the C.C.F. Judging from the Liberal platform as re-defined at the Ottawa Convention, this section of the party has not had much success in directing Liberal policy along the lines desired. Those portions of the platform dealing with social and economic policy are a series of vague generalities concerning the necessity of retaining the private enterprise system and of curbing monopoly. The only concrete proposals along this line in the Liberal platform are for a national system of health insurance and State-subsidized low cost housing. In other respects the whole platform embodies an outmoded nineteenth century *laissez faire* liberalism.

Mr. St. Laurent, with his corporation law background, is known to be strongly conservative in the field of social and economic questions, and his appointment as Prime Minister may be regarded as a triumph for the more reactionary wing within the Liberal Party. Indeed, in the past he has been under strong fire from liberal and progressively minded groups in Canada for the method of his conduct of the Russian spy investigation in 1946 as Minister of Justice.

But his chief difficulties are likely to come from the French Canadian province of Quebec, of which he has been the principal representative in the Dominion Cabinet for the past few years. Quebec has a pivotal position in the Canadian national political framework. It contains over one-fourth of the total population of Canada and during the past decade has been the mainstay of the support of the Liberal administration at Ottawa. Sixty of the sixty-five members of the House of Commons from the province of Quebec are supporters of the Liberal Party. During the past two or three years there has been a strong revival of French-Canadian nationalism and sectionalism in the province of Quebec, to the detriment of the Liberal Party, which has always preached English-French racial harmony and concord. The French-Canadians as a racial group within the

Dominion as a whole strongly oppose centralizing measures on the part of the Federal Ottawa Government, because of the fear that these measures may encroach on their dearly cherished racial, religious and legal rights. The half-hearted proposal of the King administration for social security measures such as national health insurance have thus far come to nothing because of the determined opposition of the governments of Ontario and Quebec. The Premiers of these provinces have the opinion that such social and economic matters are within the jurisdiction of the nine provinces and not of the Federal Government.

The Premiership of the province of Quebec is in the hands of Maurice Duplessis, an exceedingly able and colourful nationalist French-Canadian politician, who is undoubtedly the outstanding political figure in the whole of Canada, next to Mackenzie King himself, and his Union Nationale Party has won much following among the less enlightened and narrower groups in his own province by posing as the great champions of the sacred rights of the province of Quebec and of the French-Canadians against the sinister and nefarious centralizing aims of the Federal Liberal Administration. He scored a smashing victory over the provincial wing of the Liberal Party in a very heated election, in which his principal battle cry was the defence of provincial autonomy and of French-Canadian rights. Here he received much help from an equally smart and picturesque French-Canadian nationalist demagogue—Camelien Houde, the Mayor of the City of Montreal—who was interned by the Canadian Government during the war years for his opposition to Canadian participation in the war effort.

In this election, Mr. St. Laurent made an appearance as the representative of the King administration in support of the provincial Liberal leader, Adelard Godbout, who advocated close co-operation between the province of Quebec and the rest of Canada. But his attempts to stay the nationalist tide proved utterly fruitless and the Liberal representation in the Quebec legislature was reduced to a handful of five.

This amazing success of the Union Nationale, Duplessis, group in the province of Quebec has given some hope to the Progressive Conservatives in English speaking Canada. In spite of the innate conservatism of the French-Canadians, the Conservative Party has had little following in the province of Quebec in the past because of the strongly British Imperialist sentiments of its English speaking members. But Maurice Duplessis and the Union Nationale are closely identified with the same industrial groups that support the Progressive Conservatives in other parts of Canada. Thus far he has made no direct venture into the field of federal politics, but an informal alliance against Mackenzie King has grown up between him

and George Drew—the equally reactionary Premier of the neighbouring province of Ontario. It is quite possible that the Union Nationale candidates may run some candidates in the next federal elections which may form a bloc with the Progressive Conservatives in the House of Commons. Such coalitions have not been unknown in the past in Canadian politics.

At all events, Louis St. Laurent begins his tenure of office under very inauspicious circumstances. The Liberal organization is going to attempt to sell him to the French-Canadian voters as a member of their own race and as the true successor of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a national statesman and leader. But the more nationalist-minded among the French Canadians criticize him for being too English in his mentality and outlook, and for being too willing to surrender French-Canadian rights and privileges to the English speaking majority in Canada. Both Maurice Duplessis and Camélien Houde made deadly and effective use of these charges in the Quebec election campaign. It is not likely, however, that Mr. St. Laurent will remain long at the head of the Liberal Party. He is already in his middle sixties and is known to wish to retire from active political life in the near future. There are several exceedingly able and promising younger men in the ranks of the Liberal organization, such as Paul Martin, the Minister of National Health and Welfare, and Brooke Claxton, the Minister of National Defence, who are known to have designs on the national leadership but who are willing to wait another four or five years, since they are still in their forties.

One thing, however, is certain. Now that the strong controlling hand of Mackenzie King is removed, the various rifts and divisions within the ranks of the Liberal Party will soon begin to reveal themselves. This will make it difficult for the Liberals to win a clear majority in the federal election which is bound to take place within the next year and a half. There is almost certain to be much talk about a coalition of the two older parties—the Liberals and the Progressive Conservatives—against the growing menace of Socialism as represented by the C.C.F. Such coalitions are already in effect in some of the provincial legislatures, such as those of British Columbia and Manitoba. The more conservative wing inside the Liberal Party, including most of its French-Canadian and Quebec representatives, may coalesce with the Progressive Conservative Party and the more radical and progressive among the Liberals may go over to the C.C.F. Something resembling the present party alignment in the United Kingdom may thereby emerge in Canada. Whatever the trend may be, Mr. St. Laurent is faced with a situation which will demand consummate political leadership during the next year.

TOO MUCH COMMUNISM IN YUGOSLAVIA

BY PETER SCHMID

THE Cominform asserts that there is a conservative trend in Marshal Tito's policy, that he does not intend to destroy capitalism but rather to absorb it by peaceful means. Yet judging by other People's Democracies, Hungary for instance, it is strikingly apparent that just the contrary is true. Yugoslavia was not too slow in developing a communist economy but too fast. As was the case in other People's Democracies, there was no strong opposition of the peasant party to be gradually eliminated. Marshal Tito did not need to lose time with parliamentary manipulations. His partisan army, emerging from the war of independence as the only organized political power in the country, could go straight ahead.

These partisans were mostly uneducated people, young peasants from Bosnia and pigherds from Montenegro who could hardly write and read. The 20,000 pre-war illegal communists suffered heavy casualties in the war ; there were only 8,000 left. To-day the party has about 500,000 members, most of whom became communists during the war. For them hammer and sickle are less the symbol of a social belief than the emblem of their national fight. To-day you still cannot become a party member by simply confessing your ideological adherence to Marxism ; you must prove worthy of it by doing more and better work than others. Membership is not a matter of belief but of merits. The party rather refrains from accepting new members and tends to remain an élite of brave fighters and industrious workers. The Yugoslav communist as a type is a child of nature and rowdy rather than politically indoctrinated. The colonels and captains in the streets of Belgrade sit in their chairs as though these were rocks somewhere in the mountains. They are the pigherd-officers who form the new ruling class in the country. In the overcrowded towns they live in beautiful large homes and enjoy, among a starving population, abundant food from their special shops. These uncritical and unsophisticated Janitsars—they have many traits in common with this military caste which under Turkish rule exhausted the country—are stout supporters of Marshal Tito who gave and guarantees them their privileges. They do not bother about the subtleties of a political credo but are well trained to obey orders, whatever they may be.

The communist revolution in Yugoslavia, with its military back-

ground, did not bother very much about legality. Big business was confiscated right at the beginning under the accusation of collaboration with the Germans, and the Leninist ideal of a nearly complete nationalization has now been attained. By last May even the smallest shop was nationalized, in practice without indemnity. When the premises were taken over the books and inventories were carefully scrutinized. The slightest unintentional mistake led to confiscation and the owner was put in jail. To-day there is practically no independent professional group left. Intellectual professions, though free in theory, are indirectly controlled. Lawyers are practically obsolete, as in an entirely nationalized economy there is no longer any place for legal actions. Doctors can be mobilized by the State for 4,000 dinars a month (which is equal to the pay of a skilled worker) and have to earn the rest of their living in their free time under heavy taxation. Craftsmen are supposed to enter voluntarily into co-operatives, but few do. Their prices are fixed at a rather low level, nevertheless some of them who work for the Government succeed in making a lot of money.

The impact of this all-out nationalization on the whole life of the country can easily be discerned even by a transient visitor. As the incentive of personal profit has disappeared entirely, nobody cares any more to do much. At the hotels, tipping having been abolished as undignified, service becomes negligent. As the shopkeepers are only badly paid officials, they do not bother now to induce you to buy anything. In the famous Turkish Bazaar at Sarajevo they stand gaping in their doorways with their hands in their pockets. I met specialist businessmen as keepers of haberdashery shops.

The right man in the wrong place, seems to be the motto of Yugoslav nationalization ; or the wrong man in the right place. High managerial posts in the nationalized industry have been given as a reward to partisans with splendid war records. The experts from the former régime have been degraded to subordinate and miserably paid positions. "If I had not these reactionaries to do your work," the Minister of Finances is said to have blamed his comrades, "I should be obliged to shut down my Ministry and to hand the key to the Marshal."

Yugoslavia has been and still is a predominantly agrarian country. Therefore the new organization of agricultural production is highly important to the nation as a whole. Agrarian reform and redistribution of land has also been rather more radical than in the other People's Democracies, the exempted holdings being only up to forty or fifty acres. New holders get about five to six acres, barely enough to carry on independently. The co-operative movement has a very old tradition in Yugoslavia in the so-called "Zadrugas", a patriarchal family organization which later served as a model for

co-operatives in almost every village. The communists set up a new kind of co-operative, only slightly different from the Russian Kolkhos type in so far as working is organized in brigades, people being assigned jobs according to their special qualifications, but continuing to hold their allotments as private property and being able to leave the co-operative if they wish. But though life is much easier in the co-operatives, work being limited to eight hours a day, most peasants prefer hard but independent work and, if they can, adhere to the less strict pre-war type of co-operative organization.

So far the peasants have been rather well off under the new order. A comparatively low rate of compulsory delivery for wheat was fixed, which had to be sold to the State at the price of two dinars a pound, the amount rising progressively according to the size of the estate. The peasants could sell the remainder on the free market at as much as ten times the official price. They were expected however to deliver their products voluntarily to the State in exchange for vouchers which entitled them to buy consumer goods from the State-owned factories at reduced prices. But the peasants did not like this system of a double market. The voluntary deliveries went down and the Government had to resort to compulsory means to increase their voluntariness. In some places a certain amount of wheat was fixed for every peasant which he had to deliver, whether he had got it or not. There were peasants who had to buy part of it on the free market to fulfil their obligation. In August pigs were requisitioned in an unexpected razzia throughout the country to cope with the shortage of meat ; in each case all were taken except one. But tyranny was broken by lack of organization—as often happens in Yugoslavia—and after a fortnight part of the pigs were returned to their former owners, because no food had been provided on the State farms where they were to be raised. To-day the drive against the wealthy peasants, the so-called kulaks, is in full swing and bitter resentment is felt among them. Their answer to oppression and requisitioning is to strike. The food situation in the country is going from bad to worse and prices are going up. There is an ingenious system of rations which favours the heavy worker. But in practice it is all the same since supply is so inefficient that you do not get your meat or fat on tickets anyhow. So far many people supplement their insufficient salaries by selling their property, the only people able to buy being the peasants and the officers. If the drive against the peasants is going to continue this last expediency must fail and misery increase.

Under these conditions it is very difficult to see how the five-year plan is getting on. This aims at the industrialization of the country on a large scale by exploiting the rich natural sources of raw materials in the soil and by the setting up of huge electric plants. Yugoslavia

hopes to attain in 1951 to a national income twice as large as that of 1939. Certainly there is no lack of enthusiasm for so high an achievement. But considering the low level of education, the shortage of skilled labour and the lack of any sense of organization in the country such a target would appear to be impracticable. Nevertheless much work is being done. While travelling through the country there are to be seen in many places new factories growing up, though one cannot help distrusting the fantastic figures about increasing production with which Government officials ply one. They give you only percentages, for exact output figures are not available; statistics are top secret in Yugoslavia. I was told quite honestly by a State official that all foreign journalists are considered as childish fools or else as spies. Thus you have to rely on your own experience, to look at the shop windows which are empty or filled with third-rate stuff. Some items are simply unobtainable. I tried in vain to get toilet soap and typewriting paper in Belgrade. Matches are so scarce that if you want a light you need not bother to ask anybody. You simply hold up your cigarette and the next passer-by, without a word, comes up and gives you a light from his.

Communists give you a good reason for the shortage of food and the scarcity of consumer goods. We have such a desperate need of building materials and machinery, they say, that everything available has to be exported to pay for it. This is certainly true. But it is not the whole truth. There are not enough consumer goods as a result of nationalization and pigherd-officer management. And since you cannot possibly build up a new industry with such heroes, technicians and engineers have to be imported from abroad. Thousands of Germans have been brought here from the Russian zone with contracts for several years. The gorgeous hotels on the Dalmatian coast resound with loud German conversation, as though the Germans were still masters here. It is extremely interesting to hear their point of view which rather tends to confirm the suspicion against official figures. They complain about the lack of a sense of responsibility caused by fear among the Government officials. No-one ventures to back your projects, because in case of failure he might be accused of sabotage. Thus every official tries to shift responsibility to his superior, and much time and energy is lost. Another peculiarity is the standard by which engineers' work is valued. As the chiefs are not competent to judge they apply the same Stakhanovist piece work system which they introduced in manual work, that is to say, the greater the output in an hour the more pay you get. The German technicians were at first rather astonished at mental work being submitted to such a rule. But finally they took it as fun. "We just write in ten pages what we could do in two," one of them told me, "and we are wonderfully well off this way."

Apart from the voluntary technicians there were, until November this year, thousands of German prisoners of war working in factories and workshops, most of them in leading positions. Just after the liberation they were treated very badly by the partisans. Hundreds were murdered even. Later, their skill having proved of such high value, they were coaxed by every means to serve as voluntary workers in Yugoslavia. Sentimental inducements were added to the official entreaties ; they were even allowed to fraternize openly with Yugoslav girls, but with little success. I spoke with a taut SS-man in Belgrade who was just waiting for his sweetheart, a Macedonian women-lawyer. His belief in the German "*Herrenrasse*" had rather increased during his captivity among the Yugoslavs. "There are only a few of us who consent to stay here any longer," he told me. "What lousy, inefficient people they are ! Look wherever you will : there are German P.O.W.'s behind the machines. There is little interest in native labour and too little discipline. Left alone, they will ruin their new machines acquired under such heavy sacrifice. They have done it already with a lot of them. . . . But excuse me, here comes my scarecrow-friend." I asked many of the P.O.W.'s whether they had been made use of to train Yugoslav workers to take over their job and without exception the answer was "No."

There is something of a tragi-comedy about the Yugoslav scene, which appears to be a mixture of Homer, Marx and brigand novels. There is so much fundamental vitality and creative *élan* in these people. But it is wasted by a naïve and narrow-minded leadership. "If you have a child whom you want to be tall and strong," I used to answer in reply to the repeated questions of Yugoslavs as to what I was thinking about their country, "do you fix him in a vice and pull him to the length you wish ? Wouldn't it be better to feed him well and to take care of him, so that he may attain it naturally some time later ? Why do you think you can make up in five years your country's lost centuries ?" It is a symbol of the whole mess in Yugoslavia that they should try to build a New Belgrade on the opposite side of the Sava on sandy ground. Milan Sokulic, one of their leading architects, had to continue erecting a factory there in spite of his protests. When it collapsed, burying five workers, he was tried for sabotage and put in jail for fourteen years.

It was this same lack of realism which let Marshal Tito and his supporters think that they could successfully resist the Kremlin and forge ahead independently without outside help. To-day the mood is rather meek in communist quarters. If you mention the conflict with Russia, people do not want to talk about it or they pretend that it is only a slight difference of opinion which will soon be mended. There is no triumphant rebel attitude at all. The commercial and

financial agreements with the west cannot equalize the loss of imports from the eastern block which threatens to paralyse the five year plan. The Yugoslav communists may be compared with a child who refused to eat his soup and was put behind the door by his mother; obstinacy and anger still raging in his heart, he feels terribly lonely in the dark and would like very much to return to his brothers and sisters in the cosy room. For the old communists Moscow remains their Mecca. Apart from that they always fostered a pan-Slav feeling, especially among the Montenegrins who play a predominant part in the Army and the Ozna, the Yugoslav gestapo. Whereas in Hungary Marshal Tito's portrait on posters has been masked like a domino by black paint over the eyes, in Yugoslavia, Marshal Stalin's portrait is still in place beside that of the rebel. The newspapers still speak of western statesmen in terms of criminals and warmongers. When Mr. Bevin pointed out in the UNO debate that Great Britain had gone so far in disarmament that, feeling menaced by the strong Russian armies on the continent she must think now of recovering some of her military strength, the Yugoslav news agency, Tanjug, compressed this whole passage in the following terms: "Bevin admitted that Great Britain is going to rearm herself."

It would be wrong to think that Marshal Tito's move has increased his popularity in Yugoslavia. On the contrary in the past few months grumbling has increased to such an extent that even the mighty Ozna, which previously had a terrible grip on the people, does not try to prevent it any more. The most implacable enemies of the Government are the housewives who, in some places, have to get up at four o'clock in the morning to queue up with any prospect of success for a pound of potatoes or other vegetables. I had been warned by colleagues that nobody would dare speak with me out of fear of having trouble with the police. But on the contrary contact-making was very easy, people being very anxious to tell me their grievances and to hear my opinion. Apparently I was not watched. I left Belgrade with a permit from the Ministry of the Interior in which my route was fixed in detail. My application for visiting Montenegro was refused. There was so little supervision, however, that I boarded a ship for Kotor in Dubrovnik and afterwards abandoned my itinerary completely, without encountering any difficulties. It would seem that the Ozna, owing to the conflict with the Cominform, are fully occupied observing each other, so that other people can breathe a little more freely.

I do not know whether I have a magnetic attraction for reactionaries, but the only people I met on this trip who were satisfied with the régime—apart from the Government officials and party members—were some students in Montenegro. They were typical examples of the young generation, brought up in single-minded obedience

to Marshal Tito, trained with history books by Russian authors—these are still in use—and provided with daily doctrine by the communist press. Apart from that they are grateful to the Government which enables them to attend the university. About three-quarters of the students hold scholarships, their number increasing considerably from year to year. Instruction is brought into the remotest villages. Illiteracy is bound to disappear entirely within the next few years. In Bosnia eighty per cent of the peasant population could neither read nor write before the war ; nearly 450,000 people so far have learned how in special courses. But still there is strong resistance to any modern enlightenment and progress among the Bosnian peasants. I was told a typical story by a communist doctor who had to fight a typhus epidemic in some very primitive district. He assembled the whole population of a village in the inn. He explained to them how the disease was spread by lice and invited them to be deloused. But nobody moved. Finally he asked an old peasant what was the reason for his hesitation. "Look," answered he, "I am a living being, and I cannot live without these living beings upon me."

The waves of rebellion run particularly high at Zagreb. The Croats, apart from their natural dislike of obedience, still foster the old feud against the Serbs in their hearts. The communists tell you that all Yugoslavs have been united in the heroic battle against the German intruder and that the setting up of regional governments in Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia, Macedonia and Montenegro, which depend only for the main policy on the Central Government in Belgrade, prevents any revival of separatism. In fact, all ministers being stout communists dependent on the party line, centralism is even more pronounced than under pre-war Serbian leadership, and so is regional nationalism. We must not forget that a civil war not less cruel than the struggle against Germany raged in Yugoslavia in which the national as well as the political passions led to slaughter almost without parallel in her history. The Ustashis are supposed to have killed about one million Serbs. Tito's partisans are said to have taken revenge on nearly half as many Croats. The harvest from this bloody seed stands high to-day, anti-Belgrade resentment merging with anti-communist passion, and Serb and Croat opponents of Marshal Tito being united in an anti-Montenegrin feeling.

The Croats feel themselves strongly backed in their opposition by the Catholic Church. The Orthodox Church, to whose rites the Serbs adhere, does not take any political attitude. The Episkope at Sarajevo whom I talked with did not see any vital danger for religion in Communism. The Reis Ul-Ulema, head of the Moslems, whom I visited in the same town, even sometimes makes a show of eager co-operation. For instance he fights together with the Party for the

abolition of veils the Moslem women still wear over their faces, so far with little success. The Roman Catholic Church, however, though frightened to such an extent that I tried in vain to get an interview with a representative of hers, is still an anti-communist stronghold. Archbishop Stepinac, who has been jailed for having co-operated with the Ustashis, has not been replaced in his charge and the fact that her head is in prison endows the Church with the strength of martyrdom. Many more people attend her divine services than before. In spite of that priests are very concerned at being systematically prevented from getting in contact with the young generation. They are afraid that in the long run, in spite of perfect liberty of worship, the State may succeed in starving them out. On the other hand many of them think that the trial of these days will strengthen the Church by purging her from the earthly ballast of political traditionalism she was mixed up with before and during the war and which did her much harm. I was told also about a Catholic underground activity, the so-called Cross movement. But I do not value its importance very high. People know that the army and the police are too strong to be resisted with success. So they wait. A gang of Ustashis, some ninety men who crossed the border from abroad to do sabotage work, were trapped and put on trial. When some weeks ago the peasants of Mostar in Hercegovina revolted they were smashed by troops in an artillery bombardment.

People wait. What for ? In travelling I heard often a wish which made my skin shrivel : "Please God that there may soon be war again." There is no other hope left, because under the present conditions, the only alternative to Tito is Stalin. And you do not call in Beelzebub to drive out the devil.

(The author is a Swiss journalist.)

PHILOSOPHY AND THE LAYMAN

BY J. MIDDLETON MURRY

THE advertisement on the jacket of Bertrand Russell's new book* declares that it is intended for the general reader and not for the professional philosopher. The author does not entirely endorse this declaration of intention. He says it is addressed 'not only or primarily to professional philosophers but to that much larger public which is interested in philosophical questions without being willing or able to devote more than a limited amount of time to considering them. Descartes, Leibniz, Locke, Berkeley and Hume wrote for a public of this sort, and I think it is unfortunate that during the last hundred and sixty years or so philosophy has come to be regarded as almost as technical as mathematics. Logic, it must be admitted, is technical in the same way as mathematics is, but logic, I maintain, is not part of philosophy. Philosophy proper deals with matters of interest to the general educated public and loses much of its value if only a few professionals can understand what is said."

That is encouraging enough. But I hope (for the sake of self-respect) that an average member of the general educated public will fall down at the section on "Probability" because I confess to having begun to stumble long before that. Of the six parts of this substantial volume only the first—that which "describes some of the main features of the universe which scientific investigation has made probable"—is, in my experience, wholly within the compass of the general reader. If, however, a sense of moral obligation sustains him through the travail of a very tough philosophical inquiry he will emerge to the relative tranquillity of the author's conclusion that five postulates are required to validate scientific method.

These are :

- (1) The postulate of quasi-permanence.
- (2) The postulate of separable causal lines.
- (3) The postulate of spatio-temporal contiguity in causal lines.
- (4) The postulate of the common causal origin of similar structures ranged about a centre, or, more simply, the structural postulate.

(5) The postulate of analogy.

That is, so to speak, the *terra firma* where the general reader at long last should come into his own. He will be a fairly well-travelled guy if it strikes him immediately as familiar country. Take (1) for example. Its chief use, we are told, is "to replace the commonsense notions of 'thing' and 'person' in a manner not involving the concept substance." It is thus enunciated :

Given any event A, it happens very frequently that at any neighbouring time, there is at some neighbouring place an event very similar to A.

Got that ? Then proceed. No. (2) is enunciated thus :

It is frequently possible to form a series of events such that, from one or two members of the series, something can be inferred as to all the other members of the series.

No. (3) is not formally enunciated. "It is concerned to deny "action at a distance" and to assert that when there is a causal connection between two events that are not contiguous, "there must be intermediate links in the causal chain such that each is contiguous to the next." No. (4) is but slightly expanded into

When a number of structurally similar complex events are ranged about a centre in regions not widely separated, it is usually the case that all belong to causal lines having their origin in an event of the same structure at the centre.

No. (5) is enunciated thus :

Given two classes of events A & B and given that, whenever both A & B can be observed, there is reason to believe that A causes B, then if, in a given case, A is observed, but there is no way of observing whether B occurs or not, it is probable that B occurs, and similarly if B is observed, but the presence or absence of A cannot be observed.

Now whatever else may be said about these postulates it is obvious that they assume the concept of cause. Bertrand Russell frankly admits this. The concept of cause he thinks (surely with truth) derives from animal inference and is really a refinement of a process of behaviour which has been necessary for biological survival. The question whether causation is more than invariable sequence (as he holds it is) is a minor matter. Cause and effect is a necessary concept for the successful description and manipulation of the world, whether or not it is only shorthand for invariable sequence.

What the postulates amount to is the result of an effort to apply logic to the processes of animal inference on which successful adaptation depends, and to eliminate or supersede those provisional concepts which have been created in the human effort to communicate and share animal inferences. "Substance" is one which has to go. That which "stands under" the appearance is no longer reckoned an adequate concept for the experienced fact of persistence amid change. But one can acknowledge the desirability of this logical refinement without feeling entirely convinced that it is possible of achievement. Does the resultant system of purified postulates really enhance our knowledge ? Or, in other words, is the irreducible minimum of necessary principles of expectation, which make "knowledge" on

coherent experience possible, capable of formulation in language ?

Bertrand Russell has made a heroic attempt to do it. He believes that his postulates may possibly be reduced by further analysis ; but he himself has not been able to do so. They represent that element in our knowledge which cannot be derived from brute perception (whatever that may be). But it is by no means easy to discover the precise import of these postulates. Take, for example, the first. The basic entity is an " event ". This replaces the concepts of more naïve thinking such as " thing ", " matter ", " substance ". A piece of matter (says Bertrand Russell) " is, in my opinion, a set of events." But is the concept, " a set of events ", really ultimate ? This is, at any rate, the concept postulated in the first principle. The " event " is primary ; as it were, the atom of experience. The set or series of events comes next. " Given any event A, it happens very frequently that at any neighbouring time, there is at some neighbouring place, an event very similar to A." But in this enunciation we have " time ", " place ", " neighbouring ", " similar "—all fundamental terms accepted or employed without analysis, apparently therefore irreducible, and all given in the concept of a " thing ". The postulate is the logically refined equivalent of the naïve or commonsense postulate : " There are things ". Things are broken down into events, and the thinginess of a thing is replaced by the series-quality of events, which series-quality is seen on inspection to involve the concepts, or experiences, of time, place, neighbourhood and similarity.

When we pass to the second postulate, we seem to enter a different realm. " It is frequently possible to form a series of events such that . . ." The series of events with which the first postulate is concerned is in no sense " formed ". It is a datum. " It frequently happens . . ." But now on frequent occasions a series of events is formed " such that from one or two members of the series something can be inferred as to all the other members." It is in the highest degree temerarious for a general reader to wonder whether Bertrand Russell really means what he says when he says : " It is frequently possible to form a series of events such that . . ." Does he not mean : " It frequently happens that a series of events is formed " ? At any rate my mind gropes, rather feebly, after what is intended by the statement that " it is frequently possible to form a series of events such that from one or two members of the series something can be inferred as to all the other members of the series." If the formation is done by the perceiving and reflecting mind, it seems that the principle of formation must involve the inference of something from one or two members to all of them. If the possibility of inference is an independent principle, what does " formation " mean, except as a tautology for " happening ". In

other words, does the postulate say more than that there are series of events such that inference is possible from one or two members to all ? And how precisely does such a series of events differ from that described in the first postulate ? Is it just a particular case ? There are series of events : some series are such that inference is possible. "What makes the inference possible (says Bertrand Russell) is a 'causal law'." This he further elaborates into "an intrinsic causal law, that is, a law which enables us to say something about unobserved members of the series without having to take account of anything else in the world." Events connected in series by a causal law form a "causal line". The third postulate asserts that between such events, composing a causal line, there is spatio-temporal contiguity.

A great deal is packed into the fourth postulate, and he has a whole chapter to elucidate it. Roughly, it is a principle of probable inference as to a causal connection, which asserts that beyond a certain point mere coincidence is improbable and that the more complex the structure of the events that "coincide" the more improbable is "coincidence". I do not find it easy to subsume under this one principle, as Bertrand Russell does, such seemingly disparate processes as the inference of a common origin to a number of independent but structurally similar percepts, and the inference of a causal law determining their structure from a multitude of structurally similar objects, like crystals.

Finally, there is the postulate of analogy, which is familiar enough.

These postulates (he says) are the answer to the question : what must we be supposed to know, in addition to particular observed facts, if scientific inferences are to be valid ? But here again as a member of the class of naïve general readers I am puzzled. I do not see how knowledge of particular observed facts is possible without one at least of these postulates being employed—the first, anyhow. Otherwise, a particular observed fact is reduced to the status of a bare "event" as the term is used in postulate(1). Yet it would seem very odd if "a particular observed fact" were substituted for "event" in that postulate.

Nor, indeed, on the whole do I feel that I have received much illumination from the investigation into the scope and limits of human knowledge. Speaking roughly the results of the inquiry appear to be this. Inference by induction is logically unjustifiable. Yet such inference continually happens and is very frequently justified by results. Indeed the whole edifice of scientific knowledge depends upon it. Therefore there is something in the structure of reality which justifies inductive inference. As one used to say, there are laws of nature. Our habits of inference and generalization were formed, in the main, in our animal past. They may be supposed to be the condition and the consequence of successful evolutionary

adaptation to an environment in fact governed by law. "As mankind have advanced in intelligence, their inferential habits have gradually come nearer to agreement with the laws of nature which have made these habits, throughout, more often a source of true expectations than false ones." In this sense the postulates, if they are correctly formulated, are themselves laws of nature.

But, Bertrand Russell insists, "it remains undeniable that our knowledge of these postulates or principles cannot be based on experience, though all their verifiable consequences are such as experience will confirm." Experience is a very vague and awkward word. And the cogency of such a statement appears to depend on an initial abstraction of "experience" from something that, in ordinary language, is always described as experience. Take any one of the postulates. "Given any event A, it happens very frequently that . . ." It would not be easy to find a clearer description of what the ordinary man regards as experience. If pressed, he might call it a generalization from experience. He certainly would be nonplussed by the declaration that knowledge of such a postulate *cannot* be based on experience.

The crux of the problem emerges in this statement of Bertrand Russell's :

Since, in deductive logic, one fact or collection of facts cannot imply any other fact, the inferences from facts to other facts can only be valid if the world has certain characteristics which are not logically necessary. Are these characteristics known to us by experience ? It would seem not.

In practice, experience leads us to generalizations, such as "dogs bark". As a starting-point for science, it suffices if such generalizations are true in a majority of cases. But although the experience of barking dogs suffices to cause belief in the generalization "dogs bark", it does not by itself give any ground for believing that this is true in untested cases. If experience is to give such a ground, it must be supplemented by causal principles such as will make certain kinds of generalization antecedently plausible. These principles, if assumed, lead to results which are in conformity with experience, but this fact does not logically suffice to make the principles even probable.

That the principles, provisionally enunciated in his postulates, are not logically necessary is plain enough. They are a description, or a system of descriptions, of the characteristics of the world, of objective reality. But to say that they are not known to us by experience conflicts violently with common sense. What, in that case, is the meaning of phrases which constantly occur in the postulates : "It frequently happens that . . ." "It is usually the case that . . ." "It is frequently possible to . . ." ? To the untutored mind these must be guarded generalizations from experience. It is hardly possible to say that principles which demand such language for their expression are antecedent to experience, or even that they are assumed the fact of experience itself.

The postulates are an attempt to formulate the irreducible minimum

of characteristics that the world must possess in order to make the inferences of science possible. They are, if we care to put it in that rather misleading way, the "assumptions" on which scientific investigation is based. They are, in no sense, different from the "assumptions" on which any sort of human knowledge is based. In other words, these are the characteristics of any knowable world. It must be such that "it frequently happens that . . . it is usually the case that . . ." These postulates, if they are correctly formulated, are the conditions of any world that can be "known".

If that is so, is it not a false and barren dichotomy which insists that they cannot be known by experience? It may be literally true, because they are the conditions of experience. But they cannot be disentangled from experience by any device of thought or language. Bertrand Russell's own rigorous attempt to formulate them is steeped in the language of experience, not merely in the formal sense that any idiom of communication must appeal to common experience, but explicitly and obviously, because it speaks the specific language of experiencing. By their very structure the postulates assert what they are supposed to deny. What experience would be in a radically different world, that is, a world in which these postulates were simply untrue, is a futile and lunatic speculation, for we can attach no meaning whatever to the word "experience" under such a condition. Probably a fish in the ocean would subscribe to some of the postulates, if it could utter itself; and at any point in the biological hierarchy where we can imagine "experience" to begin it is on these conditions that it operates.

Not that I imagine that Bertrand Russell does not know this better than I; and probably his insistence that our knowledge of the postulates cannot be based on experience is by way of reply to some school of philosophers who assert that all knowledge is based on experience and use the term "experience" in such a way that it may exclude experience of a real world. They may, for aught I know, use experience in a purely subjective sense; and the import of their declaration that all knowledge is based on experience may be that the real world is unknowable. Kant with his assertion of the unknowability of "the thing in itself" is often interpreted in some such way. But that is one of the difficulties of modern philosophy for the layman. He does not know what are the heresies which are being criticized, the criticism of which leads to familiar words being employed with esoteric significances. As far as I can make out, Bertrand Russell is contending for a return to common sense and sanity, and is a defender of what may be called philosophical orthodoxy against modern heretics. Perhaps it would be better to say that he is one of the chief exponents of a reasonable scepticism in the positive sense of the word. We may not know much, and certainly

we do not know as much as we often think we do, but we do know something. We live in a partly knowable world. The philosophical sophists who deny it, do not believe in their own denial.

The postulates we have been discussing are what is left in the general reader's hands when he has fought his way through the 500 odd pages of the book. Can one fairly say that a book which ends in such conclusions is worth the general reader's while? He will have encountered, on the long journey, not a few jokes—and one or two good ones. His capacity for abstract thinking will have been thoroughly well exercised, well beyond the point at which he finds this exercise enjoyable and rewarding. But if he expects more than this from a substantial inquiry into the scope and limits of human knowledge, which has been deliberately designed to appeal to him as much as to the professional philosopher, he will be disappointed. He will feel rather as a man would feel on a walking tour who had been promised a pleasant alternative route to the hard high road which would take him as quickly to his destination. The pleasant alternative turns out to be a tough piece of rock-climbing, of the kind sought by the fanatic few, and it brings him out on the hard high road at the point from which he started. He has been gratified by no unusual and commanding view of the surrounding country to enrich his memory, and the unaccustomed muscles he has exercised are of no particular use to him on his further necessary journey.

In spite of the author's laudable intentions, he cannot overcome the disability that philosophy of the kind he practises is very much the affair of professionals. 'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true. Whether this highly specialized development of philosophy has been really necessary, it is certainly not for a general reader to say; but that it sets up a grim and practically insuperable barrier between the thinking of the modern philosopher and the averagely intelligent man is indubitable. Bertrand Russell's section on "Probability" is no doubt an extreme example of this incomprehensibility; but this book as a whole is packed with examples of logical analysis which are very exacting indeed. Yet one is haunted by a suspicion that if he had really cared to do so, he could have expressed not merely the results but the main processes of his investigation more briefly, more intelligibly and more positively; and that if he had kept in the front of his mind from beginning to the end of writing his book the limited capacity of the general reader for exact logical analysis, he could have produced a book of half the length in which none of his important criticisms of naïve realism was omitted, and in which his final dictum that "all human knowledge is uncertain, inexact and partial" would have had the effect of a serious conclusion instead of that of a cracker left under the table.

The question he has raised, as it were incidentally, is a deeply

interesting one. Is modern philosophy comprehensible to the educated layman? If Bertrand Russell has really done his best to make an important philosophical inquiry thus comprehensible, the answer is certainly "No". And the outcome of his attempt is a further evidence of that disintegration of our traditional culture which T. S. Eliot discusses in his most recent book.* I do not, of course, imply that Bertrand Russell is in any degree a willing participant in this disintegration of culture. It is probably a vast happening in which everybody is involved—not least those who are most acutely aware of it and would if they could contend against it. And if it is the case that a very distinguished philosopher and an unusually lucid writer such as Bertrand Russell cannot, however much he tries to do so, bring an inquiry into the scope and limits of human knowledge within the scope of the willing but non-specialist reader, it would seem we must reconcile ourselves to the impossibility of a cultural synthesis—or rather a cultural rally, before a break comes.

Probably I have no right to entertain my suspicion that Russell has not really tried hard enough. But there is a passage in his book which, though in a different order, tends to confirm the suspicion.

If helium, or any element other than hydrogen could be artificially manufactured out of hydrogen, there would be in the process an enormous liberation of energy in the form of light and heat. This suggests the possibility of atomic bombs more destructive than the present ones, which are made by means of uranium. There would be a further advantage: the supply of uranium in the planet is very limited, and it is feared that it may be used up before the human race is exterminated, but if the practically unlimited supply of hydrogen in the sea could be utilized there would be considerable reason to hope that *homo sapiens* might put an end to himself, to the great advantage of the other less ferocious animals.

But it is time to turn to less cheerful topics.

The joke grates—there is an element of irresponsibility in it. And it is virtually repeated on page 326. At the repetition, it rasps. Perhaps indeed, he could have tried harder.

*Notes Towards the Definition of Culture. Faber & Faber. 10s. 6d.

tural workers, with their superior physique and stamina, were for long regarded as ideal recruits. Nowadays, however, they have been largely superseded by industrial workers, office workers, shop assistants, and commercial travellers. It was found that agricultural workers frequently lacked the education which police work has come to demand.

In the case of poorly-paid workers, the prospect of receiving a higher wage was a strong inducement to quit their jobs and enlist as policemen. And even men who were already receiving as much as policemen, or perhaps a little more, found the security of the police job an attraction. Here was a steady job which was not subject to the caprices of trade, offering social security, including a pension at a comparatively early age. Such factors ranked as major considerations when choosing an occupation, especially in the case of men who had had a taste of unemployment.

The wars in which this country has been involved during the past half-century have also been a means of furnishing recruits. Youngsters who were doing a lad's job when they enlisted in the armed forces found themselves, upon demobilization, unequipped for any trade and too old to remedy the defect. To those with the necessary qualifications, police work was an obvious choice, especially if the men had grown to like the open-air life and were not averse to relinquishing the discipline of the armed forces for that of the police.

What is the position to-day? Social security is to be shared by all. There have been no industrial slumps for several years, and in every industry, including agriculture, good wages are paid. The result is that for the first time in its history the police service is having to compete for manpower with adequately-paid occupations, and it is significant that although great numbers of jobless and untrained men have been demobilized from H.M. Forces this source has not been able to furnish anything approaching the number of

men required to bring the depleted police forces up to full strength. Not only are there very few recruits, but many who are appointed leave after only a short stay, in order to take up some more lucrative and congenial employment. Not unnaturally, it is often the better type of recruit who leaves for this purpose. In an address to the local Rotary Club, the Chief Constable of Coventry, whose numbers were 116 men below strength, complained that recruits were leaving the force to take up better-paid jobs. "We just cannot keep them," he added. "Give them more wages and we should get more men." And, incidentally, the chief constable of Wallasey, in his annual report for 1947, after mentioning that sixty-five men had been appointed, added: "Only seventeen of these have left the force," thereby showing that a wastage of only 26 per cent. is regarded as something

of which to be proud. It must not be forgotten, too, that the departure of these men means a considerable financial loss, since a great deal of money is expended on their training. The training lasts for three months, during which period the men receive full pay, as well as free board and lodgings in establishments specially set up for training purposes.

In the case of some recruits, the housing shortage contributes to their decision to resign, but it plays no part in the case of men with a number of years' service, who are resigning in far higher numbers than formerly. Furthermore, although police officers do not qualify for their maximum pension until they have served for thirty years, most of them now leave the force as soon as they have completed twenty-five years' service, when they draw a reduced pension. The Report of the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis for 1947 shows that during that year 1,952 men joined, but there was a wastage of no fewer than 1,907. The Report adds : " There seems little prospect of any improvement in the rate of recruitment in 1948 and this means that our strength at the end of the year may even be lower than at the beginning."

The *laissez-faire* attitude adopted by the Government towards this serious state of affairs is difficult to understand. For a long time the Home Secretary, who is responsible for administering the police service, repeatedly refused to alter his decision not to set up a committee to inquire into police pay and conditions until 1949, with the prospect of its recommendations becoming operative in 1950. How, it may be asked, could it be hoped during the intervening time to attract men to an occupation whose pay and conditions were shortly to be reviewed, and probably altered ? A clue to the Government's policy was contained in a statement, if one can penetrate its obscurity, made by Mr. Younger (Under-Secretary of State). Replying to criticisms in the House of Commons on February 6, 1948, he said : " It is a matter of opinion and argument as to what extent conditions in the police force should be such that there should be a rush into it as against many other important fields of employment."

It is true that, yielding to pressure from all sides of the House, the Home Secretary was eventually compelled to abandon his earlier decision and was prevailed on to set up a committee of inquiry, under the chairmanship of Lord Oaksey, to function with all possible expedition, but the price already paid for the tardiness of the Government is a heavy one. Crime has become rampant, and not only are few recruits coming forward as policemen, but their calibre is generally much inferior to that of pre-war candidates. Before the war, when the supply greatly exceeded the demand, chief constables were in a position to select the very best type of candidate : now, with the

demand so much higher than the supply, several police forces have been compelled to relax their standards. In the Metropolitan Force, for instance, the age limits are now 19 to 30 years (compared with 20 to 27 years, pre-war), the height standard has been reduced from 5ft. 9ins. (itself low) to 5ft. 8ins., and nowadays men with dentures or wearing glasses for reading are accepted. The educational standard of most present-day recruits, too, is lower than that of the men who joined during the inter-war years, and the Chief Constable of Northamptonshire has said that many of the recruits accepted have been "considerably below the standard required."

Possibly the committee of inquiry will be able to halt the process of deterioration. Certainly, it can accomplish much to restore the police service to good heart. Many of the conditions under which policemen work have been ameliorated during the past few years, but the police job will always remain an exacting and arduous one, owing to its peculiar nature. Policemen, besides being expected to possess a thorough knowledge of a wide range of duties, have also to display a variety of qualities not called for in most other vocations. Their job, too, entails both physical dangers and hardships. Continuous exposure to the weather causes much ill-health, whilst the exigencies of duty result in irregular working-hours and broken rest. The maintenance of a 24-hour service every day in the year involves shift work, as well as duty on Sundays and public holidays. Furthermore, there will always have to be certain restrictions on the personal liberty of policemen. These are all inherent drawbacks in an occupation that can never be made wholly congenial.

How, then, it may be asked, are sufficient suitable recruits to be attracted and retained? The only way appears to be by ensuring that they receive an adequate wage, for if the financial recompense is fair, men will tolerate the hardships and inconveniences. In the past, the police job carried a comparatively small wage because its main attraction was social security. The starting-wage has been raised by nearly 70 per cent. since 1939, but it is still too low to attract men. As was pointed out in a debate in the House of Lords last year, the starting-wage is well below that paid to dustmen, and even the pay of officers with a number of years' service is lower than that of persons occupying much less onerous positions. One particularly glaring anomaly is that young girls employed in police offices, and working under the supervision of policemen, sometimes draw a bigger wage than the men do, although many of the men have to support a wife and family. The pay of the higher ranks is correspondingly low, and is the cause of justifiable dissatisfaction. For example, in spite of the big rise in the cost of living, the present starting-wage of an inspector is only 46 per cent. more than in 1939.

Another problem that calls for the committee's closest attention is

the desirability of creating machinery capable of presenting, from time to time, the men's views on pay and conditions. At present, all police officers below the rank of superintendent automatically belong to the Police Federation, a body whose structure has not undergone the slightest modification since it was created in 1919. The police have never regarded it as wholly satisfactory, and such terms as 'ineffective', 'frustrated' and 'muzzled' are constantly being applied to the organization. The Federation is denied any outside assistance, for the law states that it "shall be entirely independent of and unassociated with any body or person outside the police service." It has therefore had to rely entirely on its own members to negotiate with chief officers of police and with the authorities. Its chief official—the secretary of the joint central committee—is a constable, and whilst he and other police officers who have taken an active part in Federation affairs have done much valuable work, it is not unnatural that individual officers in different parts of the country have sometimes been unwilling to cross swords with their superiors and with their employers.

In any event, the scope and functions of the Police Federation are extremely limited, for it is only entitled "to consider and bring to the notice of the police authorities and the Secretary of State all the matters affecting their (police officers') welfare and efficiency." Therein lies its fundamental weakness : it serves merely to ventilate grievances, not to remedy them. All too often the representations made to police authorities have proved fruitless, since the real controlling power is the Home Office ; and of the many substantial grievances 'brought to the notice' of that department with a view to redress, some have met with a downright refusal, whilst others have languished in pigeon-holes so long that policemen have grown weary of waiting for a reply. The police have no remedy, such as independent arbitration, since in any dispute with them the State acts as arbiter in its own case. This injustice is accentuated nowadays because the present Home Secretary is a firm believer in the theory that a just settlement in various spheres can be arrived at from the bargaining of two strong and fully representative bodies. The trouble is, of course, that the Police Federation is constitutionally an impotent negotiating body.

These, then, are some of the matters likely to engage the attention of a committee, the creation of which is an indication that at last the Government realizes the gravity of the situation, and appreciates that periodical tributes by visiting American film-stars and English politicians are not sufficient to sustain an under-paid and overworked police force. After all, a contented, efficient, and fully-manned police service is a sound economic proposition, especially nowadays. Besides performing the multifarious services that have come to be expected of 'the handymen of the community,' it could be relied on to safeguard life and property much more effectively than at present.

THE RUSHCLIFFE BILL

By E. J. COHN

THE Legal Aid and Advice Bill 1948 is less well-known by far among the members of the public than any of the other great social reform schemes of our times. It is at the first glance perhaps somewhat surprising that this should be so. One would think that the public that has just taken so considerable an interest in the conditions in which it should receive the services of doctors and dentists, would not be completely apathetic about the conditions in which numbers of the population are going to receive the services of their lawyers. But the Legal Aid and Advice Bill has never sailed into the troubled waters into which other social services sailed. Almost from the start there has been unanimity between all those who took any interest in the matter. Though points of detail remained in dispute and partly still remain so, everybody agreed that there could be no question of socializing the legal profession, but that on the other hand its services would have to be made available to much wider circles of the population and that the costs of this extension would have to be borne very largely by the taxpayer. Once this was agreed all that remained to settle were the technical means of carrying this policy into effect. It is to the great merit of the Committee under the chairmanship of Lord Rushcliffe to have devised an ingenious scheme, skilfully combining elements of many different types of solutions placed by various experts and groups before the Committee. The Bill that is now being laid before the House incorporates nearly all the suggestions of the Rushcliffe Committee and should therefore rightly be referred to as the Rushcliffe Bill.

I have summarized the main contents of the Rushcliffe Report in the columns of this review.* It remains therefore to deal with the novel features of the Bill and with its financial aspects which the report of the Rushcliffe Committee left entirely open.

The new features of the Bill are not very numerous. This is all to the good, as the broad outlines of the Rushcliffe Report were fully acceptable to the bulk of those most nearly concerned—social workers and the members of the legal profession. The principle

* *The Rushcliffe Report on Legal Aid to the Poor.* The Fortnightly, August, 1945.

remains that legal advice by whole-time appointed solicitors at legal aid centres controlled by the Law Society will be available to members of the public unable to obtain it in the ordinary way against payment of a fee of normally half-a-crown. Legal aid in litigation shall be available to persons within certain limits of income and property subject to approval by a committee of members of the legal profession.

As far as legal advice goes the scheme is a development of the Poor Men's Lawyers Centres with characteristics of the Legal Aid Scheme developed during the war for members of H.M. Forces. The latter scheme is to be abolished and to be replaced by the new scheme. Members of the forces will obtain advice at civilian centres, though it will obviously be necessary to set up special centres in those large garrison places where there is practically no civilian population and where consequently there are no legal practitioners. The legal aid scheme as it stands in the Bill is not confined to civil matters. This is only as it should be, but there can be no doubt that it will be necessary in the interests of army discipline to exclude matters of army discipline and military law from the scheme by special regulation.

The Bill provides expressly that legal advice is confined to English law. It would clearly have been impossible to provide the public with legal advice on all the many hundreds of foreign legal systems with which some of them may come into contact. An exception from this principle is made in favour of members of the forces who may be provided with advice on the law of the country where he *is* serving or of the law where he *has been* residing.

This leaves an obvious gap in that a serving soldier is not granted advice on the law of the country in which he *has been* serving. Thus a soldier serving in Germany is granted advice on Scottish law, if he has formerly been residing in Scotland. But a soldier serving in this country is not granted advice in respect of the law of Germany, even though he may have been serving in that country for the past four years and have entangled himself there in all sorts of legal difficulties. It may well be presumed that in this respect there may have to be some amendment of the Bill, especially if it is thought that the military occupation of Germany and Austria is likely to continue for an indefinite period.

Legal aid in civil proceedings is granted less widely in two respects than was envisaged by the members of the Rushcliffe Committee. In the first instance the Committee had suggested that legal aid should be granted in any court in which counsel and solicitors have a right of hearing. The Bill confines legal aid to the "principal courts of law" excluding thereby all the manifold administrative tribunals. This restriction will probably meet with a considerable amount of criticism, but there is obviously a great deal to be said in favour of

the Government's argument that, if this scheme is initially too ambitious, it may result in confusion and delay. The present restriction is obviously considered to be experimental in character, as power is reserved to extend the list of Courts in which legal aid is granted. It is believed that the grounds for trying the scheme in the familiar field of the ordinary courts before venturing further into the realm of the unknown are fully convincing.

Much more debatable is the second restriction. Some types of proceedings are excepted from the legal aid scheme. Nobody can receive legal aid in any proceedings of the type in question. These proceedings include amongst others proceedings wholly or partly in respect of defamation, breach of promise, loss of the services of a woman or girl in consequence of her rape or seduction, the inducement of one spouse to leave or remain apart from the other, proceedings in the county court on the issue of a judgment summons and, in the case of a defendant, proceedings where the only question to be brought before the Court is as to the time and mode of payment. Readers of these provisions may be excused if their first impression is, as it is that of the present writer, that the draftsman has here been guilty of some sort of a blunder. As the provisions relating to excepted provisions stand, they apply equally to the plaintiff and to the defendant. Why should the fact that the plaintiff has chosen to base his action wholly or partly on slander refuse legal aid to the defendant? Surely, the fact that a man is sued in respect of defamation does not make him less worthy of legal aid than he would be, if he were sued for breach of trust. A rule excluding the defendant from legal aid might be a considerable inducement to plaintiffs, which is the last thing that anybody wants. Even more important than this purely technical objection is the point of principle. Is it right to preclude a very large section of the population from legal remedies which are open to others? Many of the remedies in question have probably outlived their time, though surely not all of them. But the denial of legal aid is not the right way of doing away with them. As long as they still exist they should be open to all. The protection of a man's honour in particular, which the law of defamation provides, should not be denied to the poorer classes of the population. Honour is more precious than money. Only too frequently our society allows no other way of protecting but a libel action. Under Clause 1 (6) of the Bill a person shall not be given legal aid in connection with any proceedings if it appears unreasonable that he would receive it in the particular circumstances of the case. One would have thought that this clause would constitute a sufficient safeguard against any abuse of the scheme.

The Bill provides that the assisted person can in general choose his solicitor and counsel from a panel. But there is one weighty

exception to the principle. In divorce proceedings where the applicant cannot contribute towards the costs more than £10 he will be assisted by a salaried solicitor in charge of one of the various divorce units to be set up and maintained by the Law Society. These units will be organized in a similar way to the Services Divorce Department since 1942. Nobody will deny that this is a second-best solution, as must necessarily be the case with any solution which involves an interference with the freedom of choosing one's own lawyer. But there can be little doubt that, having regard to the present wave of divorces and to the nature of divorce law work, this solution is not without justification. One can only wish and hope that the divorce units will maintain the same high standard as that of the Services Divorce Department, which, as a fairly large number of decisions published in the Law Reports show, have done splendid work during the past six years. One may also hope that the wave of divorces will exhaust itself and the need for the divorce units thus be reduced or extinguished.

Remuneration of solicitor and counsel will be at the rate of 85 per cent. of the ordinary taxed costs, except in County Court cases where it will be at full rates. This proposal is generally thought reasonable among the members of the profession. It entails some sacrifice by them, but one that the profession will gladly bear in order to secure the smooth working of this scheme.

The Rushcliffe Committee's report was published in 1945. The Committee had reported unanimously. Its report had been adopted by all political parties and acclaimed by leading members of the legal profession, including two Chairmen of the Bar and two Presidents of the Law Society. Nevertheless it has taken the Government more than three years before the present Bill could be laid before the House. This strange delay finds its explanation in the impossibility of estimating at present the costs of operating this scheme. The Financial Memorandum printed with the Bill makes it unfortunately clear that this Bill from the financial point of view is a jump in the dark. One would have thought that, comparatively speaking, the easiest item for financial appreciation was the costs of the administration, namely, the costs of the Legal Advice Centres and of the Area and Local Committees functioning under the Law Societies. The Rushcliffe Committee estimated these costs at slightly less than £200,000. This seems to have been far too optimistic an estimate, for the Financial Memorandum states that closer investigation has shown that this item will be no less than £500,000. But this is only one out of seven items, many of which are much more debatable than this one is.

The Financial Memorandum estimates the number of law suits, other than divorce cases, where the amount of the contribution is

under £10, at 100,000 a year. One must not question such a figure too closely. It is obviously an impossibility for anybody other than a clairvoyant to say beforehand how large the mass of litigation is that has been withheld from the Courts at present by the insufficiency of the financial resources on the part of would-be plaintiffs. This comprehensive new scheme will attract the attention of the population to the possibilities of enforcing their rights in a manner and to an extent to which the existing organizations could never expect to do. One would do well to assume that the number of applications to Poor Persons' Committees is not in the least indicative of the size of the demand for assistance that will arise once this scheme has been set going.

Even, however, if the figure of 100,000 cases a year were agreed to be correct, one might well question the accuracy of two further vital figures that are used in the Financial Memorandum's computation. The first of these figures is the overall cost of the 100,000 cases estimated at £3 million a year ; the second is the sum of £2 million, which, it is expected, will be covered by contributions from assisted litigants and by costs recovered from their opponents. To fix the average costs of an action in the ordinary courts, which for the purpose of the present scheme include such diverse courts as the House of Lords at the one end of the scale and the courts of summary jurisdiction at the other, is, it is believed, an impossibility. To say how much of these costs will be recovered from the opponent would be even more impossible, if there were degrees of impossibility. Nobody to-day can say how many of the proceedings will be fought out among assisted persons, so that neither party is able to contribute anything to the costs. Nobody can say what the proportion of successful actions by assisted persons to the unsuccessful ones will be.

It is obvious that financially this Bill will come before Parliament with a big question mark. It is to be hoped that this will not prove a serious handicap. Whatever the amounts involved may be they will be small if compared to the costs of our other social services. The law is more than just one of several services that our society renders to the individual, it is its very basis : *justitia fundamentum regnorum*. If the costs of its operation are viewed in this light, they will be found cheap, whatever they are.

HOPE

BY LORD GORELL

MOST potent messenger, whose mighty breath
Unveils the misty face of passing Day,
Pierces the robe of Night, and makes of Death
A shining and perpetual way,
Be kindly umpire of this earthly fray,
In constancy upholding men's resolves.
They have no present : ever that dissolves
Into the changeless past ; to you they hold,
The moving atoms in the uncharted wold
Where everything around their feet revolves.

In you all mortals are immortal made :
In your strong solace resting, they arise,
They grope towards the future unafraid,
Discover Pleasure in surprise
And tempests lacking terror in their eyes.
Stay, rainbow spirit, let your wonder spill
Its majesty on spring, let summer fill
Life's golden bowl, and, glorying in the gray,
Through autumn ripen on ; fade not away,
But shed new radiance over winter's chill.

O valiant angel of the eternal heart,
You daunt the lightning, or, if strength be gone
For contest too unequal, peer and part
The drift of clouds, like April sun
Coaxing the buds until the flowers be won.
You are the child of Beauty, fresh and fleet
As Love's first conscious kiss, and at your feet
Earth's hidden stores of riches ever lie ;
All heaven is yours alone ; and when you die
The heart that harboured you has ceased to beat.

SOME DUBLIN CHARACTERS

BY WINIFRED M. LETTS

THE greater part of a lifetime spent in Ireland might make one a foreigner on return to England. Indeed that little strip of sea called the Irish Channel has made all the difference, has given 'foreignness' each to the other. And being in England now I recall certain people who gave quality to the Dublin I knew for a score of years.

The first I recall is Elizabeth, Lady Fingall, who spent her widowed years in an upper flat in Earlsfort Terrace. She was my ideal of the fairy godmother of fiction. Small, neat, and so pretty in her old age that the loveliness of her youth was easily credible, one could picture her in the cloak and peaked hat of Cinderella's godmother. She would so eagerly have planned for Cinderella to go to the ball. I remember occasions when she was trying somehow to fit young women into her flat that they might go to balls from that base. She loved people to be happy, to be amused, to enjoy life as she had enjoyed that old Edwardian era when she shone in a brilliant society. But nothing of regret for the old, or hostility to the new order clouded her gay approach to life, I can shut my eyes and see the slight figure, always immaculate in grey or black, tripping along Earlsfort Terrace with her little black Pom at her heels. He too lived to be very old. As Countess in the great Norman castle of Killeen she had been a woman of affairs, throwing herself with enthusiasm into the movements of the day, the chief one being the Co-operative, so faithfully planned and pushed by her husband's cousin, Sir Horace Plunkett.

"Indeed," she would say laughing, "the people round Killeen were just fed up with my plans for them. 'Her Ladyship and thim old goats will destroy us all,' they said ; they'd much rather be let alone. My husband always said : 'Never try to give the Irish what they don't ask themselves.' I've lived to know how right he was." But she toured the country to speak on platforms for the Co-operative cause. A Sligo woman told me : "She was the prettiest thing you ever saw, all in green and the ostrich feather in her hat, sitting up there among the clergy in their black coats." But all that had passed before the Earlsfort Terrace days. While she could help on committees she did. I saw her first at Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, but I feel sure the greater good she did was in the intimate visits to old ladies in a Home somewhere in the city. Her

gaiety, her humour, which had survived many troubles, made talk with her a delight in a dull life. Her weekly hospitality was a Thursday tea party. Certain old and steady friends came often, a professor of economics, an ex-head-librarian, now a connoisseur of pictures, other time-honoured old friends, but there were always young and lively people for she loved the young. People who were doing things, writing, acting, living eager lives crowded round her. In one thing she failed ; she often had a sincere wish to mingle young men and maidens but it happened inevitably that the young men hung eagerly round her chair and neglected the maidens. I fancy that like Mary, Queen of Scots, she had the 'honeypot' quality that drew men round her.

One wintry Thursday stands out in my memory. The approach to the Fingall flat was by a peculiarly slow lift. It gave one time to have quite a long conversation with Foley, the hall-porter, who was one of her adorers. He knew all the usual Thursday visitors and had the manner of the old family retainer to perfection. Talk round the tea table and in the double drawing room was oppressed by coming events. Edward VIII had reached the last day of his very brief reign. We knew the announcement of abdication would be made that evening. The only radio set was in Lady Fingall's small bedroom and at 6 o'clock we all crowded into it to hear the news. She who had known Edward VII so well, winning his discreet friendship and admiration, must have had more personal concern for his grandson than had anyone present. In the quiet announcement we heard the wheels of history rolling on. And this pretty old lady, our hostess, had known so much of history. I think her book *Seventy years young* gives more perfectly than any other record the atmosphere of a period in Ireland, the events and quality of a revolution, social and political, which Ireland experienced between the days of her own brilliant coming-out at a castle ball and the night when she and Lord Fingall sat in Killeen Castle waiting for the I.R.A. to come and burn them out of their home. The burning, by some chance, did not happen. But in that quiet acceptance by the old order of the changes of the new you have the stuff of history.

The gaiety, the brilliance of the Edwardian peroid are in that book and, looking round the pretty flat, I often wondered what memories must come to this old lady when she was alone by her fireside. Did she and her faithful friend and maid, Kate Devereux, now her housekeeper, huddle over the damp turf of the small Irish ration for a last warm at night, and cheer themselves with recollections of those shining nights when Kate had dressed her for balls and dinners ? There was the night Edward VII had asked the little Irish countess from Meath to dance him a jig. Did Kate remember that ? Of course she did, she had been in the gallery looking down with pride

and amusement. The two old women had known that wonderful careless world before the two wars that have written 'Ichabod' on the great gateways of English nobility. Yet both accepted this limited Irish life cheerfully. Kate still guarded her mistress and the mistress turned pathetically to her. She told me one day: "My mother is coming back today—I'm so glad—I mean Kate. She's like a mother to me and she's been on a holiday."

The meagre fires that were, very rightly, our Irish share of war-time discomfort, meant hardship for all classes and specially for the old and delicate. No coal, restricted turf (generally damp), wood that might be green, and very strictly rationed gas and electricity were our portion in war and post-war years. One of her many admirers had advised Lady Fingall of an improved fireplace. It was characteristic of her that when he died she made this her memorial to him. "When you talk to William," she said to his widow, assuming an unbroken link, "be sure and tell him I think of him whenever I sit by my nice fire." Her quick sympathy never aged or became over-burdened by the physical trials of declining strength. From her bed she conducted long telephone conversations in the mornings, relating stories or friendly gossip. There was genuine concern for her listener's anxieties. "About William's horses, my dear? You were worrying lest they wouldn't be sold to good homes. Is it all right?"

These small recollections of others' interests endeared Elizabeth Fingall to such a large circle that her passing made Dublin seem duller, colder to many people of different degree. Foley, the hall porter, would never forget her; the old flower women of Earlsfort Terrace would miss her. Something warm, pretty and very courageous had gone out of the city.

With many others I stood in Stephen's Green outside the University Church. It was the end of October—Hallowe'en. A great copper shield of a full moon was slowly raised above the dark trees of the Green. Then they brought her coffin, massed in brilliant chrysanthemums, to the church. But one could not connect the little fairy godmother with a coffin, the brilliant flowers typified her life. And the next day when they laid her among all the Plunkett ancestors in the shadow of Killeen Castle, that great Norman house of her married life, one thought of her only as alive, finding something amusing in this solemnity. One could not imagine her solemn. It was to a colder, duller Dublin that we returned.

The next character I recall was known well on two Continents. When I say 'Sarah Purser' it will ring a bell for many. She was an unforgettable woman, an artist, the creator of a studio for stained glass that won wide fame, but it may be that as the mistress of a Dublin salon she will be more widely remembered. To go to Miss

Purser's monthly Wednesday was an adventure. Those who were 'somebodies' came of right, those who wished to be somebodies tried to get themselves there with more important friends. Any visitor of distinction was sure to have an introduction. Great cars of the diplomatic circle in Dublin looked scornfully at humble bicycles ranged against the avenue trees.

For though Mespil House, Miss Purser's home, is almost in the centre of Dublin, it had an avenue. That was one of the charms of the visit. You came from the canal bank or from a tram line into the green quiet of chestnut, poplar and beech. Over a stagnant, willow-hung pond a kingfisher would sometimes flash its jewels. At the other side of the avenue the meadow grass grew high and cool. Then you reached the Georgian house and went upstairs to the long drawing room where the hostess stood surrounded by a crowd of literary and artistic folk, eager for her ear. Some obscure family connection had early given me the entry to the Purser household. Indeed I was privileged by her leave to bring my Scottie at any time for walks in the grounds, where hedgehogs could still be found by a questing dog and cautiously puzzled over.

She was an alarming old lady ; I think we all felt that already she was a tradition ; her old age was to last into her nineties with scarce-seeming limitation of her extraordinary powers. When she travelled she could wear out any younger companion. Indefatigable was indeed the word for her. She could not suffer fools or bores with the least patience. A young woman said of her : "Miss Purser terrifies me, her eyes are gimlets, they seem to screw into my soul." But as a hostess she was all thought and kindness. She would introduce each to other and have no lonely onlookers in corners ; in spite of the loyal help of nieces and nephews and the perfectly played rôle of host by one nephew, she insisted on carrying plates about to be sure that all had found sustenance. But for myself I loved to find a corner and watch the scene. Outside the windows, in summer, was the heavy green of the old trees and in her own garden a blue mist of agapanthus lilies round a little statue of S. Fiacre, the patron of gardens and an Irishman. The foreign ministers, a new and exciting element in Dublin life, would be there—Meinheer Weeninck, beloved by the Irish world, was himself becoming a dear tradition ; M. Laforcarde, ready to settle in Dublin for life, the Belgian Minister happy on the hunting field and horsey enough to please his Irish friends ; these would be there and our dear familiars : Jack Yeats, artist, writer and something of Puck, so that one watched for the elfish look on his face as it twinkled over some quietly told absurdity, Dr. Walter Starkie on his brief homecoming from Spain, his clear blue eyes full of the sparkle of new strange adventures, and with him his lovely and brilliant wife Italia who was one of Miss Purser's treasures,

a jewel highly polished. To see and hear these people made the afternoon an event in the month, and the house itself was a joy, full of the pictures, the furniture that an artist's taste had collected on her travels. The ceilings, with the finest examples of Georgian decorative work in plaster, made a visit to Mespil memorable. So one came away, down the shaded avenue and back to the Canal bank with that pleasantly 'heady' feeling of having been in the little kingdom of ideas.

The years passed and Sarah Purser had celebrated a wonderful birthday for her ninety years. I forget how her cake contrived its ninety candles, but Jack Yeats, deep in the celebrations, exercised his magic and achieved it. But one feared that her 'Wednesday' might drop because of the strain upon her. But this never happened. The faithful nephews and nieces rallied round and 'the day of wrath', as it was called in the family, continued to draw its accustomed crowd.

But on other days there seemed a pathos in the figure of the mistress of the old house if one met her about in the grounds. She was the last person to have encouraged the help and society of a companion. Always she was independent and ruler of her own life. I have watched her on a winter evening, fumbling her way back to Mespil and not dared to offer an arm or help on her arduous walk. But on some of these days if she met me wandering in her grounds she would bid me join her in the house, leaving my dog outside lest her adored Siamese cat should resent the visitor. She seemed, at these times, glad to have companionship for a time, to talk of old days, of people she had known. The quiet of the tall house, the dank willow-shaded pool, the heavy summer-clad trees made one think of the 'Moated Grange', though Sarah Purser was no Mariana.

Then came her last Wednesday, a day fitting the tradition of her salon. She had died after a brief illness and her funeral was to be the day when her friends would have gathered round her at Mespil. Now they met in the cemetery chapel at Mount Jerome about her coffin. All her noteworthy guests were there, the great people of the city, the diplomats, artists, writers, professors. Perhaps the best memorial to her kindness was the grief of a weeping woman who followed her to the grave. Sarah Purser had been her friend in need and trouble; now that friend had gone.

We came away knowing that another tradition was ended, that a Wednesday in every month would be a little blank because it should be a Purser Wednesday. "There were giants in those days"—she was one of them.

It would seem inevitable that I should include George Russell (Æ) in my trio of people who enriched Dublin life at this period. But many others have written of his Sunday evenings in that little house

in Rathmines. There, bearded, benignant, he opened the door himself to all who came. So many came! They sat round the room that held his pictures hung on walls or stacked in piles on the floor; they drank his tea but they came to hear him talk, for he had acquired the reverence due to an immortal. Whether here in his home, or in Plunkett House in Merrion Square (his editorial office) he had become a Dublin demi-god. He was far above bickerings and bitterness, beloved by all, an amazing attribute this in Ireland. Even George Moore writes with an unusual reverence when he deals with Æ.

So, as he is known to a large circle as one of the planets that shone on Irish life, I will write of a lesser star—his friend and fellow-worker in the Co-operative movement—Harry Norman, a star of gentle rays, but one of those people who make the day seem rather brighter because you have passed them or had a few words with them. To find him you must come to Harcourt Terrace, that genteel little spinster of a terrace that leads from busy Harcourt Street to the Canal. On the right some of these houses are Regency and have a quality, so fascinating in any house, of suggesting that they have stories to tell, that romance or adventure may haunt the long gardens at their rear. Perhaps it is so. In one of them live those two great figures of the Gate Theatre, Dublin, Hilton Edwards and Michael MacLiammor, men who have given drama in Dublin new impulse and excitement. In *All for Hecuba* by Michael you find the story. Next door to this house, where so much of the modern life of Dublin has been lived, is another that opens on to a cool, green garden. The door opens too upon the past. While a passionate present surrounds No. 4, there seemed the stillness of old days about No. 5, because its master had lived his youth out in the great times of the young Co-operative movement when Sir Horace Plunkett, Æ, Dermod O'Brien, Father Finlay and others were pursuing that dragon—the Gombeen Man to his lair.

But first the introduction to the master at No. 5—this is Mr. Harry Norman, a most courteous host who welcomes you at once to his heart. He is very deaf, and troubled by this limitation lest it should worry others. And so the gentle, precise old voice bridges difficult places with talk that is always worth hearing. If you will picture a tuft of bog cotton grass reborn as a man you have Harry Norman. He had the silken white hair of the bog-cotton, blown by every breeze, the slight but resilient stem of figure that looked so fragile and must really have been so tough. He had reached the eighties and his life in the Co-operative movement had taken him long journeys round Ireland in every sort of weather. He had been hustled, heckled, storm-tossed on 'long cars', on jaunting cars, and collected a fund of stories that he could tell with exquisite humour.

They were, those men of the Co-operative movement, Irish knights of a business round table. For he who seeks a commercial ideal is always a knight. But they sought their Grail through the sordid small towns and lonely districts of Ireland where the local publican-grocer could have the people in his grip, taking their produce and doling them out what he chose. This was the dragon these men challenged. They found as little gratitude as knight-errants may expect. Sir Horace Plunkett's house was burnt down in 'the troubles' as his reward from a grateful country. But they saw some results of their labours. The Co-operative dairies flourished. Besides their practical business ability, these were artists, poets, musical critics. Æ was poet, artist and editor of a unique farmers' weekly, Dermot O'Brien was president of the Hibernian Academy and Harry Norman was a music lover and critic of fine understanding.

His weekly entertainment (but the word is frivolous), was a theosophical meeting on Tuesday evenings. The uninitiated were allowed to hear the lectures and to sit about his hearth. If the comfort of his chairs and warmth of his fire led some of them to dreamland Harry would never have grudged them their ease. Perhaps they woke to hear those wonderful certainties of occult opinion that theosophists produce in the discussions that followed.

But not of these meetings but of one quiet evening spent together I cherish memories—Harry's faithful companion and housekeeper was going out and I was allowed the honour, I counted it so, of staying with the old man. I was shown the tea tray, told what time to boil the kettle and left in the book-lined study. It was a happy evening; I felt as if the spirit of a brave old day, the first decade of the century was with us. It was decided that as dialogue was difficult with a deaf person he should read me some of his writings. There he sat, my wisp of bog-cotton, and read me his fine prose. He was a symbol of a noble period.

The fine quality of a city's life depends not only on its executive artists but on those in whom art is diffused, making them love and understand music, pictures, people. This 'awareness' of spirit is not too common; hurry, crowds, stress of work and play coarsen it. In Harry Norman and his circle 'awareness' had been deepened and refined by their work, by the culture of their interests and by long days in the wild and lonely country of their native land.

Always the elderly have said: "There were giants in those days," and perhaps it is only distance that adds to their stature. And, we must remind ourselves, the young giants are always growing up.

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CULTURE AND DEMOCRACY

BY ERIC JAMES

ONE would expect the reflections of the greatest living poet upon the nature of culture to be important. In the case of Mr. Eliot's latest book* there is the additional importance that most of his ideas are sharply opposed to those which are dominant in our society. He is a believer in aristocracy in a democratic age, he defends authority in regions of life where the climate of opinion is libertarian, and preaches liberty in those where most men are becoming reconciled to authority. Thus, however passionately one disagrees with him, whatever faults there are in his analysis, he is saying things about our civilization that are important not only because of his own great eminence, but because they are unpopular things to say.

It is doubtful whether after reading the essay we are any clearer as to the actual definition of the word culture. One is not even sure that Mr. Eliot himself always distinguishes, for example, between the use of the word as a term of praise, meaning a high level of achievement in certain directions, and its anthropological use in which it is almost synonymous with civilization. But if the actual promise of the title is unfulfilled this is unimportant compared with what is said about the quality of our own culture, and the prospects for its future.

Mr. Eliot's thesis is that while we cannot hope consciously to create a society in which culture shall flourish, we can say that certain social conditions are necessary, if not sufficient, prerequisites for any culture at all. Such conditions include a fairly permanent class structure, for only through the continued existence of social classes

can the traditional element in culture be perpetuated by the most potent of all cultural agencies, the family. Secondly, there must be a general unity of doctrine throughout society, combined with a variety of regional and personal expressions.

Now most modern societies fulfil neither of these conditions. The structure of classes is disintegrating; the paternal State is replacing the influence of the family; the stability of an accepted religious faith is denied to us. Mr. Eliot therefore contemplates our society and its cultural future with that profound pessimism and distaste that he has expressed so superbly, for example, in *Gerontion*. He points to the decline in culture that he claims has occurred so obviously in the last fifty years. This is, of course, a most arguable point. If culture includes moral elements, and Mr. Eliot with his contention that it is an 'incarnation' of religion would agree that it does, then it may be very well argued that the greater measure of social justice we enjoy, including the wider opportunities for participation in every aspect of the good life, implies a great advance in culture.

But we may go beyond this familiar and probably profitless argument as to progress or degeneration in standards, and consider the orthodox answer of social reformers to Mr. Eliot's fundamental claim that the organic nature of culture can only be realized in a society possessing a stable class-structure. That answer is, of course, that an education based on equality of opportunity will provide us with élites which will replace social classes by a more rational, more efficient, and more just organization. To this Mr. Eliot replies, in effect, that an élite, because it is

*Notes towards the Definition of Culture, by T. S. Eliot. Faber & Faber, 10s. 6d.

recruited afresh with every generation, lacks just that element of tradition and that coherence of background that are necessary for the preservation of culture.

Here, it seems, is the most serious flaw in his argument, and one that arises from a certain remoteness in his thought. He considers a society in abstraction instead of attempting to assess what does, in fact, occur with living human beings, perhaps because his ideas of culture are too innocent of any contact with science. For equality of opportunity is not absolute; its incidence upon the society that adopts it as a principle is not mathematical. Its effects are modified by the influences of heredity and of the more favourable environment enjoyed by the children of an élite. Thus, even if élites are recruited on a purely competitive basis, there will still be an element of continuity. A generation of philosopher-kings in the Platonic State that Mr. Eliot is attacking, in fact if not in name, will draw a large number of its members from the children of the previous generation as well as including, as it should, much new blood. It is an error to imagine that equality of opportunity thus involves a complete break with tradition in each generation or to believe that movements opposed to privilege involve a complete negation of family influence.

It is unfortunate that the chapter on education, a subject that is obviously of central importance in this whole argument, should be the weakest in the book. For it is surprising to find a writer of Mr. Eliot's discrimination considering so seriously some of the 'educationists' he mentions; surprising, too, to find him so influenced by the thought of Professor Mannheim. The chapter on education does, in fact, show most clearly a weakness of the whole book, in a certain air of unreality that pervades it. One is conscious of an ignorance of the real changes that are occurring in education, a reluctance to put down in concrete terms the practical implications of his thought, a failure

to meet his opponent's case at its strongest. *Culture and Anarchy*, with which one must inevitably compare it, is perhaps more effective because Arnold had actual knowledge of the educational system in which he saw the only hope for the salvation of culture. If Mr. Eliot had a similar knowledge it is possible that he might not face the future with such unrelieved gloom.

But disagreement, even intense irritation, must not hinder our appreciation of the very great merits of the book, the remarkable closeness of its thought, and the dominant impression of a fine mind at work on difficult material, honestly admitting at times its failure to apprehend or to express. Nor must we fail to appreciate the magnitude of the challenge that is raised, not original in essence, but more acute in our own day than ever before. Essentially the problem with which we are faced is to reconcile the persistence of quality of experience with a more equalitarian society; to retain standards of judgment while believing in liberty of thought. It is of the greatest value that those of us who believe, in spite of many menacing signs, that democracy and culture are not essentially incompatible should have to meet an adversary of Mr. Eliot's quality.

TWELVE YEARS WITH ROOSEVELT, by Vice-Admiral Ross T. McIntyre. Putnam. 12s. 6d.

Vice-Admiral McIntyre was official physician to President Roosevelt during the whole of his presidencies and this volume (published in the U.S.A. under the title of *White House Physician*) is the story of his experiences in the White House during those twelve years. Occasionally—no doubt reflecting a ghost writer's zeal to 'fill out the story' the narrative strays into rather colourless resumé's of the political events of the President's early years, which add nothing to the story and lack the vitality of eye-witness reporting. But for the most part this is an eminently readable volume, which combines a

good deal of entertainment with much unobtrusive information.

Dr. McIntyre was admirably placed to develop a "close and continuous companionship," as he calls it, with President Roosevelt. He saw his charge every morning and evening, whether he was well or ill, received reports on his condition from the members of the President's observant secretariat and, on most occasions when the President was absent from the White House accompanied him on business trips or holidays. To a layman the regularity and thoroughness of this medical attendance has an impressive ring; there must be few occupants of Number Ten or indeed of Buckingham Palace who pass their official life under such close scrutiny. And when the normal round is interrupted by some emergency, with what lavish precautions the First Citizen is surrounded! "As always," says Dr. McIntyre parenthetically, describing the trip to the Teheran Conference, "we carried our own water, milk and cream." It is obvious, however, from Dr. McIntyre's modest and factual account that no one, least of all his doctor, was allowed to pamper or coddle the President. The long years of battle with infantile paralysis had left him equally free from the sensitiveness of the hypochondriac and from the wanton bravado of the self-cured. His behaviour is astonishingly that of the normal, healthy man, who accepts such regimen as a wise doctor may put on him, but regards the care of his person as subordinate both in interest and importance to the work he has to do. And when, as in the latter stages of the war, that work became, in the President's own eyes, little less than the salvation of civilization, even Dr. McIntyre had to take a back seat. "Any reminder of the promise to live within his reserves brought the old answer that there was a job to be done."

Even so, Dr. McIntyre insists, there was no valid ground for anticipating the sudden and tragic collapse which occurred at Warm Springs on April 12,

1945. "Reports were encouraging up to the very moment of his passing." What, rather curiously, Dr. McIntyre does not explain is why he himself did not remain in attendance at Warm Springs, but "after seeing him safely installed" left him "in the capable hands of Commander Bruenn." This apart, however, there is little that remains mysterious about the story, as told here, of the President's tragic end. One is left marvelling instead, at the fortitude, vitality and gay courage that carried so huge a burden so lightly for so long.

H. G. NICHOLAS.

THE NAVY OF BRITAIN, A HISTORICAL PORTRAIT, by Michael Lewis. *Allen and Unwin.* 30s.

THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER IN WORLD WAR II, by W. D. Puleston. *Yale University Press (London: Geoffrey Cumberlege).* 25s.

Author and publisher are alike to be congratulated on the production of Professor Lewis's latest book. It is an impressive volume for these days of economy and its six hundred and fifty pages, relieved by no less than sixty-five plates, beautifully reproduced, are very good value indeed. The plan of this book is original, for the author has discarded a chronological story in favour of an arrangement by subject. He treats of the navy under the general headings of ships, officers, men, management and action, subdividing each section into historical periods. He is thus able to show how the navy of to-day has evolved in these several respects, tracing the growth without the interruption of historical incident. For the general reader this plan has much to commend it, and for the naval officer—whether professional or amateur—the work is almost ideal.

Taking as his basis the outline of naval history as taught by the late Sir Geoffrey Callender, Professor Lewis has added to it the results of subsequent

research, and more especially his own. His more typical contributions are partly concerned with the evolution of the naval officer and of the idea of rank as opposed to office, and partly with the development of gunnery. To those who are not readers of the *Mariner's Mirror*, in which Professor Lewis first expressed his views on early cannon, Part VI of this book, sections 1 and 2, will be exceptionally interesting. But the other sections, on tactics and fights, are of almost equal importance. The author breaks with tradition by going back, a little tentatively, to operations as early as 1217. Then he reaches firm ground in the Armada campaign, of which his treatment is masterly. He gives, finally, in this part, as good an analysis of tactical doctrine as the modern sailor can want, and better than his predecessors have been allowed to have. This is a book which no school or public library should be without, and one which no naval officer can afford to miss.

In one respect the general proportions of the book are open to criticism. In a laudable effort to achieve finality, Professor Lewis has brought the story right down to the present day. But inevitably he gives to the earlier periods, with their fuller documentation, a space out of proportion to their significance. If it takes 172 pages to describe tactical progress from Tudor times to 1914, it is scant justice to deal with the 1914-1918 war in ten pages and scarcely generous to dismiss the 1939-1945 war in five. The last two wars merit, in fact, an attention which the scope of this book, large as it is, could never have allowed. It would have been better, surely, to have excluded them altogether.

Should this disproportion be defended on a strictly chronological basis, the answer is to be found in Captain Puleston's book. "The United Kingdom," he writes, "needed roughly a century and a quarter, from 1660 to 1783, including nine wars, three of which were global, to become the preponderant sea power and to establish the British Empire. The United States

became the preponderant sea power between 1941 and 1945." That is a fair measure of the comparative rates of change.

Whereas Professor Lewis devotes no space to strategy and deals laconically with events after 1914, Captain Puleston of the United States Navy is mainly interested in strategy and dismisses in twenty-eight pages all that happened before 1939. The biographer of A. T. Mahan, Captain Puleston's concern is with sea power. Nor need he, like Mahan, go overseas to find it. Showing only moderate interest in the history of 1939-1941, this modern exponent of sea power writes at length, and ably, on the war in the Pacific. Two advantages he has which Mahan had not: an experience of wartime naval administration and an intelligence officer's knowledge of the enemy. Giving full credit to the Japanese, he shows clearly how and why they were defeated. His is in every way an admirable book, careful informed, lucid and concise. It is scarcely designed for the general reader, however, as the author makes few concessions to ignorance and fewer deviations into the dramatic or picturesque. He seeks to prove—for the benefit of the expert and the future politician—that the part played by the United States Navy in 1941-1945 was decisive. In this he succeeds. He ends by pleading, inevitably, that the United States navy should be maintained in strength. And here it is to be hoped that he will succeed again.

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON.

PORTSMOUTH POINT, by C. Northcote Parkinson. *University Press of Liverpool*. 12s. 6d.

There is probably little illusion existing to-day about conditions in the Royal Navy in the heroic age of Nelson. Any that may have survived from the Victorian era must have been dispelled by the searching light which has been focussed on the social history of the early nineteenth century in many excellent modern works of fact and fiction. Dr. Parkinson deals a final

blow in the "debunking" process with his excellent and detailed analysis of the considerable volume of naval semi-fiction produced in the first half of last century. The general impression of brutality, dishonesty, and confusion which is conveyed by these works is admirably epitomized by Rowlandson's water-colour which gives a title, and a lively and effective dust-jacket, to the volume under review.

Let one of the authors speak for himself: "The lad who goes to sea," he says (writing in 1837), "in the midst of a profound peace, is an unmitigated blockhead, a hapless little ninny, unless possessed of the most irresistible interest and then, generally speaking, he does not go to sea, he is sent there." Admittedly, although this author does allow "the insatiable thirst of distinction" to have some influence in inducing a young man to go to sea in time of war, it is not surprising that, under the conditions described in Dr. Parkinson's extracts, the brutal expedient of the press gang was necessary to ensure the adequate manning of H.M. ships.

It is odd that among all these extracts made from the naval fiction of the day hardly one refers to any sort of fighting; they are devoted rather to the curiosities of daily life at sea or in harbour:—the eccentricities of some officer; the foul language or drunkenness of a boatswain; the oddities of naval cookery; or the speculation of a purser—even the rise of Methodism on the lower deck. The authors, many of whom certainly served in the Napoleonic wars (though mostly rather later than Nelson), have in fact created descriptions of social types rather than novels of character or tales of action. In this they were typical of their age; even of Jane Austen, their greatest contemporary, it has been said that her characters were never exact portraits. And although it is unlikely that our naval authors refrained from portraiture for Miss Austen's reason—she considered the drawing from individuals to be "an invasion of social properties"—nevertheless the type-portrait was the fashion of the times.

Thus we get a succession of characters hardly more advanced than the personages of *The Pilgrim's Progress*: Mr. Hurricane, the lieutenant; Mr. Pipes, the boatswain; Mr. Green, the newly-joined midshipman; Mr. Fireball, the gunner, and so on. The main interest of Dr. Parkinson's extracts, therefore, lies in their indication of naval organization, or the lack of it. In style or matter little advance is noticeable between the earliest and latest excerpts, and their dates are significant. The first batch, of small literary importance, though doubtless of topical interest, comes between 1791 and 1815. Then comes a gap, the normal post-war interval of boredom with warlike affairs. Next is the period of revived interest (1826-1856) when the alleged facts of life in the services take on an aura of quaintness and unfamiliarity. And finally the whole series comes to an end with the outbreak of the next war.

For the most part the authors write with an increasing distaste for the hardships of a career at sea; there are exceptions, however, and one of the latest writers (1848) accuses Marryat of "imbuing the juvenile mind with a delusive idea that an officer in the navy has nothing to do but drink grog and go on shore and make love to beautiful damsels." The Marryat tendency was maintained, well after the period considered by Dr. Parkinson, by such romanticizing stories for boys as W. H. G. Kingston's *The Three Midshipmen* and the rest. The present-day naval novelist has put the facts back in their proper place; Mr. C. S. Forester, with his *Hornblower* series, is an admirable exponent of this healthy tendency.

Dr. Parkinson's book shows with abundant clarity what the immediate posterity thought of Nelson's navy. His extracts—appropriately far from elegant—are brief and to the point; his appendices are clear except in the explanation of the plates; and the plates themselves are useful and attractive.

L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD.

CONQUER FEAR ! by John Langdon-Davies. *Feature Books.* 5s.

In this book Mr. Langdon-Davies sets out to emphasize how universal, menacing and incapacitating is the arch enemy fear ; we are told how to conquer and check it at source. As evidence of the fearfulness of the community we are advised to observe our fellow men and women who pass by and note the dullness " often as if life had bludgeoned the man into a coma . . . the look of a boxer who has had a left hook . . . men and women walking with dead faces."

To ascribe all this to fear walking abroad would seem to me to be making an unjustifiable generalization. Is it really the melancholy vision of flight rather than fight, or the detachment of introversion, escape to the inner world ?

No, I think not ! Although a few, maybe a very few, of our fellow humans are emotionally dead through fear and its entanglements the expressions we are asked to scan (it is to be assumed that they belong to city dwellers) may well be those of preoccupation, of intentional or unconscious shutting off from the multitude as a protection against a myriad of stimuli, or of fatigue, the result of wear and tear, of daily living under many difficulties, of depression which is not necessarily a fear reaction.

On the cover it is suggested that " one in ten of all the people in Britain are so unhappy that their work, their friendships, their daily life, suffer." It is not clear from what information this proportion is calculated. The author refers to a Government investigation of 3,000 factory workers of whom one in ten had been disabled by psychological illness during the previous six months. Unless they were new entrants they manifested their symptoms as factory workers and therefore as a specialized group.

Mr. Langdon-Davies exemplifies his contention by cases from a " handful of ordinary people." But to me they appear not a cross section of the population, but psychoneurotics of no mean intensity, and one, at least, prepsychotic.

Fear is an intrinsic feature in our make-up, rising from the instinctive need and desire for self preservation, now wearing a coat of many colours. Fear can cripple but to regard crippling as wholesale seems unduly pessimistic. Fear is not necessarily pathological and evil ; experience shows that it mainly devastates those with predisposition to break down, with an inherently low ceiling of resistance, and it is they who have much to learn from Mr. Langdon-Davies' book which paves their way to the psychiatrist ; it is also very instructive to those who in their wisdom wish to bring children up with the utmost possible sense of security and freedom from aggression and fear.

A design for living should not aim at slap-happiness, or a banal solution of our problems, flattening the psyche, but, in acceptance of the inevitability of mental conflict, at utilising the psychic energy so exercised towards what is dynamic and creative rather than restrictive and retrograde ; out of this conflict genius and leadership can arise.

GUY RICHMOND.

LIFE OF LORD LLOYD, by Colin Forbes Adam. *Macmillan.* 21s.

LABOUR'S BIG THREE, by J. T. Murphy. *The Bodley Head.* 15s.

OUR OLD MAN, by Millie Toole. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.

CANON CHARLES KINGSLEY, by Una Pope-Hennessy. *Chatto & Windus.* 18s.

WESTWARD HO !, by Charles Kingsley. *Macdonald.* 8s. 6d.

CONINGSBY, by Benjamin Disraeli. *John Lehmann.* 8s. 6d.

There are at least half a dozen different ways of tackling the job of writing a biography and there are examples of four of those ways in the books under review here. Mr. Adam's method, historically the most justifiable, is in his hands the least satisfying. For those who wish to know what Lord Lloyd did, at home, in India and Egypt, his book records ; for those who hoped to find the man Lloyd, the book

is as uncommunicative as Lloyd himself. Mr. Adam tries hard to overcome this difficulty. He makes assertions about Lloyd's character, calling him George, but fails to convey the truth of the assertions by incidental evidence. Lloyd lacked the common touch, a failing which hampered him long before it foiled his biographer.

Mr. Murphy's plan is to tell Labour's story of the last forty years through the lives of Mr. Attlee, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevin. Some years ago he treated history in the same way by writing his autobiography. That was more successful than the present volume since Mr. Murphy has lived in an intensely personal way every moment of Labour's advance. He was part of the struggle. One does not expect, then, all Mr. Murphy's comments to be judicially fair; outspokenness is his attraction. His new book will be read with approval by fellow participators in the struggle and by political and social historians of every kind as a warm-hearted corrective to the prim efforts of more inhibited writers.

Miss Toole is warm-hearted also; otherwise her biography of her father, with the lid right out of sight, might have been cruel. As it is one is captivated first and ultimately convinced that every public figure should have his Millie. Joseph Toole's public life was one of service; his domestic one of receipt. Yet even at home he was loved because he was naturally lovable. Miss Toole's biography has the combined Lancashire characteristics of sharpness and generosity; like so many of her countymen she understands the conflicting pressures of life.

Charles Kingsley, alas, did not have a Millie (what an opportunity she would have had!) and Dame Una Pope-Hennessy is obliged to rely a great deal on Mrs. Kingsley's guarded statements. Dame Una's biography is the only one of the four with literary claims. It will be widely read and greatly enjoyed. But it interprets little the enigma of Kingsley's eccentric charm and the effect on his actions of

his weird emotions. The psychiatrists would have had a field day with him.

One of Kingsley's actions was to come hotly to the defence of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak accused of maltreating natives. He dedicated *Westward Ho!* to him jointly with the Bishop of New Zealand. That stirring story is now republished in a handsome format as one of Macdonald's illustrated classics. This series deserves high commendation; its appearance is such as to suggest that the purchaser is getting more than his money's worth—an odd sensation.

Though poles apart in attitude Kingsley and Disraeli would have found the condition of the people a common interest. It is good to have *Coningsby* reprinted in the now well-established Chiltern Library. No doubt it is useless to attempt acquiring a taste for Disraeli's novels; at intervals this reader finds them fascinating.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

ENGLISH COTTAGES AND FARM HOUSES, by C. Henry Warren. *Collins. 5s.*

SMALL CALENDARS, by J. H. B. Peel. *Arthur Barker. 8s. 6d.*

THE INN AND THE GARDEN CITY, by Elizabeth and Gilbert McAllister. *B. T. Batsford. 5s.*

It is now almost a custom for writers on country subjects to be compared to Richard Jefferies, and both C. Henry Warren and J. H. B. Peel are cited by their publishers as literary descendants of the Wiltshire man. While such bald generalizations are injudicious, it is true that both these writers are essayists approaching their themes poetically; and both seem to have remembered Coleridge's injunction that a poet should trust more to imagination than to memory in his examination of nature.

As an addition to the "Britain In Pictures" series Mr. Warren's essay with its descriptions of farm-houses and cottages, is well supported by forty-eight illustrations—drawings, water colours and oil paintings—depicting

farm-yard scenes] and the exteriors and interiors of old cottages lost in the peace of moorland and roadside that our grandparents accepted as their birth-right. The author's leisurely style is not at variance with the tempo of the village life he knows so well. He can recreate the old West Country farm-house where, under the oak-beamed ceiling, tinder-box and leaden tobacco-jar repose on the mantel-piece and the old settle is in its place by the hearth. He feels, too, the quiet sadness of a dairy where the bowls of cream no longer rest by cool walls and where stand unwanted butter-markers and an idle churn. Then, passing to East Anglia where the relics of yesterday are swept clear for the urgent necessities of to-day, he wonders, as did Jefferies, how to enjoy "the intellectual progress of the century and yet not forfeit the advantage of the hand labour and thrift of our ancestors."

Mr. Warren is at his best not when he deals with the granite homesteads of Cornwall and Cumberland, nor with the half-timbered dwellings of Essex, but when he passes from general comment to particular and personal analysis. His description of life in his grandparents' cottage takes us back to a time when country courtesies and disciplines were still the proud products of the village community. There is in the work of C. Henry Warren a nostalgia for the oddities and the peculiar unities of rural England that no one since George Bourne has voiced so continuously.

In what he calls the "small calendars" of nature, in the birth, movement and growth of living things and in the stirring of earth as it quickens with the spring, Mr. J. H. B. Peel from his remote retreat on the Chiltern hills, gets his vision of God. If some of these twenty-six calendars are so ecstatic as to be remindful of Jefferies when his genius verged upon hysteria and if others suggest an impersonality and moody discontent, there are several short pieces of a high quality full of a taut religious emotion, not always devoid of humour nor without sympathy.

The essay on Christmas Eve, for instance, evinces the countryman's love for tradition and his distrust of the modern buffoon; that on "Lambing" is to be remembered for its feeling, while those on the barber Nym and the author's dog Bill, are of regional importance. Nym is worth meeting and Bill is a lovable mongrel, a companion who will gain a place in any dog-loving heart even if he does not earn a little niche in the exclusive realm of literature about dogs.

Mr. and Mrs. McAllister, known for their writings on town and country planning and as former editors of the quarterly of that name, tell in their little book of the development of the inns in Welwyn Garden City. The problem of catering for members of communities and estates has received insufficient expert attention. This record is a concrete testament of the fact that the improvement of public houses to meet modern needs is something of an art, even as the inns of the planned Garden City are themselves works of art in appearance and organization. Much can be learned from this book by those whose task it may be to set up similar facilities elsewhere.

E. W. MARTIN.

THEATRE, by Harold Hobson.
Longmans. 12s. 6d.

The author has collected his dramatic criticisms which have appeared in the *Sunday Times* and elsewhere since 1946, added some interesting statistics about the plays he has seen—box office returns and so on—and a number of gossip paragraphs about his friends and domestic life. The result is extremely unsatisfactory, and indeed nullifying. Gossip is meant to be skimmed, criticism read and considered. But it is always easier to skim, and Mr. Hobson has only himself to blame if the reader finishes his book so much more quickly than he should, and in the process misses some apt and sound criticism of the English stage to-day.

C.S.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE

How better to begin a not particularly internationally happy new year than with an exhausted swimmer's clutch on the solid earth of Shakespeare? Whatever the situation, he has a word for it, and whether or no England's "time for greatness" be past, she can still find cause for pride in him. Trite? Yes, but all words pale beside his.

What a piece of work . . .

Professor H. B. Charlton in *SHAKESPEARIAN TRAGEDY* (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.) hacks a path through the thicket of criticism that has grown up around the central fact of Shakespeare's genius and, so purposeful is the onslaught, he uproots the sillier specimens, tall though they are. After a consideration of what he calls the "apprentice pieces", through those of "experiment and interregnum", he comes to *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*. Though the reading is not easy, it both stimulates and satisfies anyone who, like the author, has an "addiction". And, once more, the feeling is strengthened that Hamlet might have been referring to his creator when he exclaimed: "How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties!"—In *IBSEN'S DRAMATIC TECHNIQUE* (Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge. 12s. 6d.) P. F. D. Tennant also has a few effective thrusts at would-be interpreters of another special playwright, though, as his title implies, he is more concerned with the mechanics—nature of inspiration, methods of composition, plot and action, setting and stage directions—of Ibsen's work. There are even statistical graphs showing asides, stage whispers, monologues and thinking aloud. Those who share William Archer's kind of veneration, *vide* Max Beerbohm's cartoon, and those who are just as awed—but because of their inability to 'get the hang' of Ibsen's message—have equally something to learn from this book. The chronology of Ibsen's life and works is a useful appendage: to the reader obviously,

but, more subtly, to the author who, thus freed from biographical details, can keep to his point.

The curtain raiser

Writers of one-act plays should take heart from the current success of Terence Rattigan's *PLAYBILL* (but not much, for he is phenomenally fortunate in his cast). According to J. W. Marriott, the editor of *THE BEST ONE-ACT PLAYS OF 1946-47* (Harrap. 8s. 6d.) they, the writers, "appear to be as numerous as ever"; which is surprising, considering the scant encouragement they receive. But, as this is the fourteenth volume in the series since 1931, they must be a tough breed. Their work, however, seems to be aimed largely in the direction of amateur companies and some of the plays now published have won prizes at drama festivals in this country. They provide tragedy, comedy, and one or two conform to the present craze for fantasy.—There is, of course, fantasy and fantasy, and P. N. Furbank's *SAMUEL BUTLER: 1835-1902* (Cambridge University Press. 6s.) brings back one's own private bombshell discovery of *Erewhon*. The author has not written a life of Butler but rather the history of his "many literary and controversial preoccupations," of the significance of his thought and of his position among the prophets of his day. Mr. Furbank is at pains to refute assessments which he feels to be superficial or downright misleading and has made his book not only helpful to students but a reason why others should go to the source.

Beauty and truth

Lord Gorell, too, is moved to defend his hero, mostly against admirers. Indeed, in *JOHN KEATS: THE PRINCIPLE OF BEAUTY* (Sylvan Press. 7s. 6d.) the 'action' is sometimes held up while the author shows how very wide of the mark other critics are. As one can never hear too much about Keats, his poetry and himself, the refutations, pertinent

though they be, are to the infatuated reader more like digressions. But when Lord Gorell 'gets going' what exquisite delineation and appreciation are his, and how well he shows that he has taken his own advice: "do not pay overmuch attention to explanations and commentaries, but read his Letters, read his Poems"! One can but exclaim with him in a phrase from his own lovely poem on Keats:

You are amidst the music of the world,
 'For ever piping songs for ever new,'
 You live, a universal breath . . .

—While Lord Gorell scolds Mr. Middleton Murry for his attack on Fanny Brawne and for passing "wholly into the rôle of hyperbolic adulator" in *Keats and Shakespeare*, Richard Church's Introduction to a selection of JOHN KEATS (*Phoenix House*. 8s. 6d.) more than once recommends the same book as a guide. And here again, one can dismiss his opening paragraph, about the "osmotic insemination of the doctrines of Marx," as irrelevant, because he soon gets down to his real business of being a poet talking about a poet. His youthful experience of the first blinding flash of Keats compares with Lord Gorell's and, in fact, with that of anybody who loves poetry. He says: "I swallowed Keats whole," which prompts one to ask why he has now made a selection for others? (When this point was put to the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY he very sensibly replied: "It's better that they should read extracts than that they should not read Keats at all.") Is it that this generation is less able to bear great draughts of beauty, or should we blame the Russians because our young do not concentrate as an earlier generation could?

Across the iron curtain

The breath of spring across this land of ours
 Wipes winter's marks from off its spaces
 And washes off black rings that tears have
 made

Round red eyes of Slavonic faces.

This was written by a Russian in a poem called "Spring 1944", a needed

reminder that Fascism is also an enemy. The author is Boris Pasternak who, with several other "osmotic inseminated" people, appears in *A SECOND BOOK OF RUSSIAN VERSE* (*Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.). The translations, many of them by Professor Bowra himself, three of them by Frances Cornford who always pleases, and four by Sir John Bowring, the "first exponent in English," catch the spirit of lyric poetry in all its intensity and delicacy. They do indeed "give some idea of the range and variety of Russian poetry in the last 150 years," as their editor says.

A wishful thinker

Another link with Keats is the painter portrayed in *THE LIFE AND DEATH OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON* (*Oxford University Press*: *Geoffrey Cumberlege*. 21s.). Eric George, the author, treats the tragedy of a disappointed man with great sympathy and insight and shows how near Haydon's brilliant gifts came to making him the success he thought he should have been. Keats wrote at least three sonnets in praise of his friend, and in discussing the money borrowing *contretemps* Mr. George also aptly sums up the two men: "Keats's genius as against Haydon's pretensions to it, has influenced judgment on the matter." The paintings illustrated (to be seen in the National, the Tate and other Galleries) seem to indicate that his worst fault as an artist was merely his craze for size; it is certain that artists owe a great debt to him in many spheres and they, and all who are attracted to the men who adorned the period from 1786 to 1846, will find this a fascinating book.

Art and ethics

Wladimir Weidlé sees *A DILEMMA OF THE ARTS* (*S.C.M. Press*. 10s.) in contemporary life that causes him misgiving and a wish to warn. His translator, Martin Jarrett-Kerr by whom he is well served, says in his Preface that the Professor once proposed "A Study in Disintegration" as a sub-title. But although he sees modern painting and literature in a sombre light, he is

willing and perhaps even anxious to grant genius to a few now working. In spite of some superb talent, he sees that "something has gone wrong" and in trying to discover what it is he suggests how it might be put right :

The most direct way, and the only certain one to re-create around art the human and spiritual atmosphere which it cannot do without, and which it more and more lacks, is the way of a new union between the creative imagination and the Christian faith, between art and the Church.

Against the light of this book modern culture looms in startling corroboration of the author's thesis.—A somewhat lame title, *SINCE 1939 (Phoenix House. 12s. 6d.)*, covers surveys by Arnold Haskell, Dilys Powell, Rollo Myers and Robin Ironside on the travel (after the last book one hesitates to say progress) of ballet, films, music and painting during the last ten years. All the authors exhibit their entire competence to deal with their subjects and the volume is extremely useful as a guide or supplementary reference book on what has actually happened in the four fields, irrespective of the questions of merit, purpose or ethics. The headings, tables, appendices and illustrations are as clear as they are copious, and the fact that some personal pet omissions are bound to be noticed will only add interest to their study.

Who are great ?

Two books on specialized forms of literature deserve more space, even if only because they have been read with close attention and much pleasure. The first is *THE SHORT STORY* by Sean O'Faolain (*Collins. 10s. 6d.*) which analyses the work of Daudet, Chekov and de Maupassant as a preliminary to what the author calls "the technical struggle" of convention, subject, construction and language. Then he illustrates his contentions with eight short stories by the three masters already mentioned, Robert Louis

Stevenson, Henry James, Frank O'Connor, Elizabeth Bowen and Ernest Hemingway, too modestly excluding himself.—In *THE GREAT TRADITION (Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.)* F. R. Leavis performs much the same function for three of the four novelists he thinks are "truly great". These are George Eliot, Henry James and Joseph Conrad. "Critics", says Dr. Leavis, "have found me narrow" and this reader, seeing no reason to quarrel with their verdict, yet adds the proviso that he is also deep. Students of his three novelists, as in the case of Mr. O'Faolain's short story writers, should find the researches here indispensable.

Bow bells and a cornfield

It is irreverent to mention almost in the same breath the picture of Hall Caine in 101 JUBILEE ROAD (*Phoenix House. 15s.*) with the caption that he had "a look in his eyes as if the companionship of mortals was out of the question." Nevertheless, it is one of the many delightful illustrations in this delightful book by Frederick Willis which provide relaxation after the brain stretching of the two preceding pages. Of the making of books about London there can never be too many, and this one has all the enchantment associated with the subject in spite of, perhaps because of, its sub-title : "A Book of London Yesterdays".—The Cockneys who never tire of reading about the country either, will find *WELSH COUNTRY UPBRINGING* by D. Parry-Jones (*Batsford. 12s. 6d.*) just as delightful. The Welsh lilt sounds in the prose and the Welsh landscapes are, as is to be expected, admirably reproduced. Sincere biography as the book is, it is also a vivid picture of the religious and cultural aspects of the farming community around Carmarthenshire of fifty years ago.

GRACE BANYARD.

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